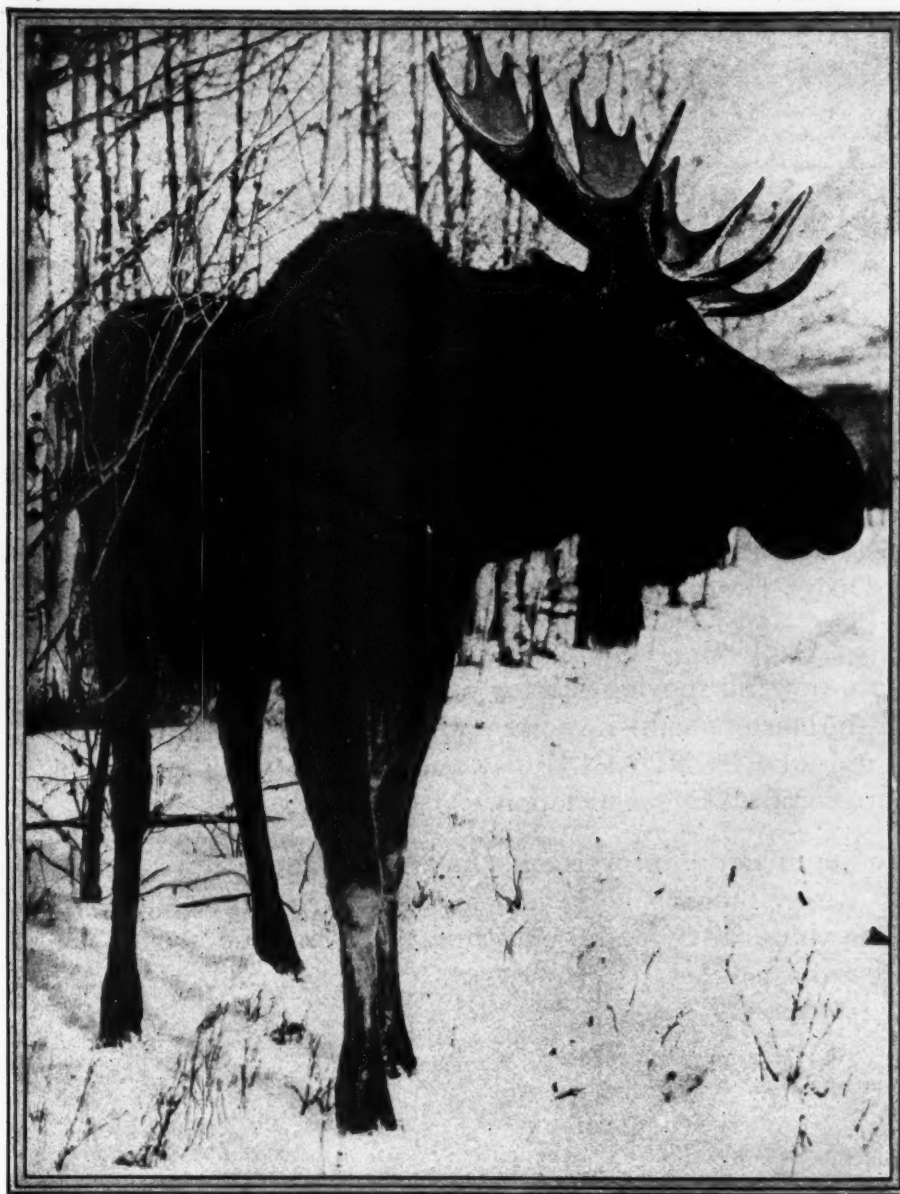


YOUTH'S COMPANION



Photograph from Ewing Galloway

"I'D LIKE TO HIBERNATE TOO!"

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

VOLUME 101

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NOT within the memory of the oldest settlers had there been a winter so severe. All the country about the Ottanonsis and Quahdavic waters was buried under an unprecedented depth of snow. Never before, it was said, had such implacable cold fixed its grip upon the land. Storm piled upon the heels of bitter storm till landmarks were all but blotted out, and the little, lonely backwoods cabins were smothered to the eaves. The scattered settlers gave up, before mid-winter passed, all efforts to keep their roads open, and all their necessary traveling was done on snowshoes, tramping their trails seven, eight, nine or ten feet above the hidden ground. The little trees were submerged from sight, forgotten. The taller spruce and fir towered in snowy domes and pinnacles, except where a rough wind had shaken their branches free of the intolerable burden, and left them standing sharply dark against the wide white desolation.

For the wild creatures of the forest it was a prolonged tragedy, except for those which were so fortunate as to be hibernating, sleeping away the bitter time in their deep holes beneath the snow where the fiercest cold could not touch them. Among the chief sufferers were the moose. These heavy animals, accustomed to select a sheltered spot in the woods for their winter home, and tramp out a maze of narrow pathways all about it, leading to the thickets of young birch, poplar, and striped maple whose twigs furnished them their food, early found it difficult to keep their paths open.

As the winter progressed they browsed away all the edible twigs and even the coarser branches of the thickets in their immediate neighborhood. These consumed, they could only reach further supplies, and these all too scanty, by long and painful flounderings through the smothering depths of the snow. Some of these imprisoned moose families succeeded in getting enough forage to keep them alive, if barely. Others, less fortunately situated, slowly starved to death.

And so that winter wore grimly on toward the late release of spring.

AT Brine's Corners, outside Smith's store, which was also the settlement post office,—young Rusty Jones, so called from the color of his bristling shock head, was roping parcels, and an oat-bag, a big stone-ware molasses jug, and a kerosene oil tin, securely upon his toboggan. This done to his satisfaction, he pulled on his thick blue home-knit mittens, slipped his moccasined feet into the moosehide thongs of his snowshoes, waved farewell to the little group of loungers in the store, and set out on his four-mile tramp over the buried road to the farm.

It was late, already just on sundown—an hour later than he had expected to be. He had waited to get the mail,—for there was a story running in the weekly paper (last week's issue) which he was eager to get on with. Now, he thought of all the chores awaiting him at home, after supper, which would have to be cleared up before he could get to his reading.

Half a mile down the road a new idea came to him. By striking away from the road, across the valley, on his left, he could save nearly a mile. In ordinary seasons this would have meant no saving, the intervening country being an almost impassable tangle of swamps and deadfalls and dense undergrowth. But now, he reflected, it would be as easy traveling as by the road. Silly of him not to have thought of it before! Dragging the loaded toboggan easily behind him, he struck off at a long, loping stride through the forest. Boy though he was, he knew that his woodsman's sense of direction and his familiarity with the lay of the land would guide him straight to his destination.



Rusty found that the moose liked bread—the staler and harder the better—and corn-cake and even soggy cold buckwheat cakes, while the most tempting gingerbread was scornfully rejected

Rusty Jones's Moose

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Illustrated by W. S. IRISH

Threading his way through the silent corridors of towering spruce and hemlock, skirting the dense groups of tall, slim white birches, avoiding the snowy swells and mounds which meant, to his experienced eyes, traps for his snowshoes, Rusty Jones struck on across the valley till he was within less than a mile of his father's lonely little farm. Then, in the cold, blue-gray, ghostly twilight, he checked himself on the brink of a deep hollow in the snow, half overshadowed by a spreading hemlock, and found himself peering down upon a huddled group of moose. He had never imagined there were any moose within a dozen miles of him. Yet here, in the tangled recesses of the valley, a little moose family had chosen to "yard up" for the winter.

In the gloom of the trodden and littered hollow he made out their forms—a gigantic brown bull, a dark smallish cow, and two yearling calves. They were all lying down; but one of the calves, stretched awkwardly on its side, was obviously dead and frozen stiff. The others were all staring up at him with pathetic, hopeless eyes, as if too despairing for fear. But presently the great bull staggered to his feet and stood in threatening attitude, ready to defend his charges to the last, even against the most terrible of all enemies, Man. Rusty Jones perceived that he was piteously emaciated, the shaggy hide drooping in creases on his flanks. Rusty's kind gray eyes clouded with sympathy. "Gee," he muttered; "poor beggars, they're starving, that's what they are."

He dropped the rope of his toboggan and started off on a run up the slope, remembering a thicket of birch saplings which he had passed a few hundred yards back. Here, with the aid of the long sheath knife which he carried at his belt, he gathered an armful of the aromatic branches, the favorite forage of the moose.

When he threw his burden down into the

hollow the great bull grunted eagerly, the cow and calf got to their feet as if new life already flowed in their veins, and all three fell hungrily to the feast. Rusty hastened to fetch them another armful.

"There," he panted, picking up his toboggan rope once more, "I guess that'll do yous fer tonight. I'll bring yous some good hay tomorrow mornin'."

When the boy got home, very late, with his story, he found his father and mother sympathetic enough in regard to the cause of his lateness but adamant as to his promise of the hay.

"We hain't got more'n enough hay to see our own critters through," said his mother, decidedly. "But maybe father'll let you take some straw. Plenty good enough for them kind."

Bob Jones, a huge, lean, backwoodsman, known throughout the settlements, for obvious reasons, as "Red Rob," laughed good-humoredly.

"Reckon ye'll hev to chop birch an' poplar for 'em, Rusty," said he. "That's their natural fodder, anyways. But ye're goin' to hev yer work cut out fer yeh if ye're goin' to feed all the starvin' critters in the woods this winter."

"That's all right," said Rusty cheerfully, helping himself liberally to molasses, on his pile of hot buckwheat pancakes. "I'll take 'em a bundle o' straw in the mornin', and after that I'll chop wood for 'em. Don't worry. I'll see 'em through all right. If you two had seen how pitiful them poor beasts looked, you'd feel just as I do about it. But of course you're right about the hay. We hain't got none too much for ourselves."

Thereafter, for the next few weeks, regularly every other day would Rusty Jones betake himself to the hollow under the hemlock, axe in hand and dragging his toboggan, and leave for his sombre protégés a two-days' supply of the twigs and branches which

they loved. He found that they preferred this rough fodder to the best oat straw, and even to the few wisps of choice timothy hay which he once brought them as an experiment. By his third visit the bull and the leggy yearling had become so tame that they would come up and snatch the fodder from his hand with their long, prehensile muzzles. The dark cow, of a suspicious and jealous disposition, was slower to be won, but when won showed herself more greedy and familiar than the others, pushing them rudely aside to try and get more than her share of the tid-bits which Rusty took to bringing them in his capacious pockets.

Being something of a naturalist, and a keen reader of all the nature stories he could get hold of, Rusty liked to experiment on the tastes of the moose. He found that they liked bread—the staler and harder the better—and corn-cake and even soggy cold buckwheat cakes, while the most tempting gingerbread was scornfully rejected. Sugar they would have none of, but salt they licked up enthusiastically, following him around for more. He tried them with a handful of grain—oats—on a tin plate; but the bull, after an inquiring sniff, blew into the plate a great, gusty breath from his wide nostrils, and the oats flew in every direction. Oats were scarce and precious, so Rusty did not try that experiment again. But the oats were not wasted; for a pair of saucy, smartly-feathered "whiskey-jacks," or Canada jays,—known to Rusty as "moose-

birds,"—that frequented the moose-yard lost no time in picking them up to the very last grain. Nothing was small enough to escape their bright, confiding, impudent eyes.

Meanwhile the body of the dead calf, rigid and pathetic, had lain ignored in the very center of the hollow. At last Rusty took notice of it and decided that it was a blot upon the kindly scene. He decided to get rid of it. Seizing it by the rigid hind legs he started to drag it to the side of the yard, intending to hoist it up over the edge. But the cow, seeming suddenly to remember that this dead thing had been her calf, ran at him with an angry grunt. Startled and indignant, Rusty struck her a sharp blow across the muzzle and shouted at her with that voice of assured authority which he used with the yoke of oxen on the farm. The stupid cow drew back, puzzled both by the blow and the shout. To add to her bewilderment, the sagacious old bull, which had become as devoted to Rusty as a faithful dog, lunged at her so fiercely with his massive, unantlered head that she went sprawling halfway across the hollow. And there she stood, wagging her long ears in puzzled discomfiture, while Rusty laboriously hoisted the awkward weight and pushed it forth upon the upper level of the snow.

This accomplished, he dragged it a few yards away and left it behind a white-domed bush, where it would no longer offend his vision. Then he went down again into the hollow and stroked the big bull's muzzle, and scratched his ears, and talked to him, and finally gave him a generous portion of salt as a reward for his fidelity. The calf crowded up appealingly and was granted a small lump; and then the cow, forgetting her resentment, came nosing in to claim her share. But Rusty, still indignant at her, would only allow her to lick the last grain or two from his palm.

"That'll larn yeh," said he severely, "not to be gittin' so fresh."

ON Rusty's next visit to the moose-yard, two days later, he was at first surprised to observe the numerous tracks of wild creatures on the surrounding snow. The neat footprints of foxes predominated, and the slender trails of the weasels. But there were

also, standing out conspicuously, the broad, spreading pad-marks of a big lynx. Rusty examined them all intently for a few moments, then stepped around behind the shrouded bush to look at the body of the dead calf. The news of a banquet had spread swiftly among the hungry wild folk, and the carcass was half gnawed away. He scratched his red head thoughtfully and peered about him to see if he could catch sight of any of the banqueters. Some thirty or forty paces away the tops of a buried spruce sapling had been jarred clear of its swathing and stood out sharply against the whiteness. He eyed it piercingly, understandingly—and presently, through the thick green, made out the form of a red fox, crouching motionless.

In a few seconds the fox, perceiving that he was detected, stood up and stared Rusty in the eyes with a fine assumption of unconcern. He yawned, scratched his ear with his hind paw, flicked his splendid, tawny brush and trotted away with elaborate deliberation, as much as to say, "That, for you!" till he had gained cover. Rusty, who knew foxes, could picture the furry humbug throwing dignity to the winds and running for dear life as soon as he felt himself out of sight.

"Gee," he muttered, "that red beggar's got a fine pelt on him." He wondered how many dollars it would be worth. He called to mind also those tracks of the big lynx, and wondered what a lynx pelt would fetch. He thought what a scheme it would be to set traps around the dead calf. But this plan he threw overboard promptly with a grunt of distaste. He had always detested the idea of trapping. Then he thought of his gun, which he used chiefly against the marauding hawks when they came after his chickens.

"Easy enough to get a shot at that red varmin, he's so bold an' sassy," he mused.

Still dwelling on the price of that pelt, he pictured himself richer and the forest more healthful for the fox's death.

Then his thoughts turned to the owner of the pelt. He had rather liked the audacious insolence of the creature—such a fine piece of camouflage in the face of the enemy!

"After all," he murmured to himself, "I guess I won't bother. It don't seem quite fair, when they're all so starved, an' I've tricked 'em all into comin' round here by putting out that there carcass. I better let 'em all have a good time while it lasts. An' besides, if I fired a gun here now it would scare my moose out o' their senses."

Having come to this decision, he turned back to the moose-yard, thinking with a deprecating grin, "But what a blame fool father would call me, if he knew! An' maybe he'd be right!"

At last, at long last, the grip of that inexorable winter loosened suddenly, and fell away. As the snow shrank, assailed above by warm rains and ardent suns, mysteriously undermined beneath, the tangled undergrowth began to emerge, slowly, almost im-



For the next few weeks, regularly every day would Rusty Jones betake himself to the hollow under the hemlock, dragging his toboggan

perceptibly at first, but each day quicker, black and sodden, from its hiding, and the valley became more difficult to traverse. The moose were soon able to forage for themselves, and Rusty's visits to the hollow under the hemlock grew more and more infrequent. They were no longer needed, indeed; but he had become so attached to his charges, and to the sagacious old bull in particular, that he hated to let them slip quite out of his life. It had to be, however; and in this fashion, finally, it came about.

One morning, after an arduous struggle, he arrived, wet and exasperated, at the hollow under the hemlock, to find that the cow and the yearling had gone. But there, all expectant, was the faithful bull, who knew that this was Rusty's usual hour of coming. Rusty had his pockets filled with dry corncake and salt, and these the bull devoured appreciatively, stopping now and then to nuzzle the boy lovingly with his long, sensitive upper lip. At last, with a shamefaced grin, Rusty flung his arms about the great animal's neck, and murmured: "Good-by, you old beggar. Take

care o' yerself, an' keep out o' the way o' the hunters when next fall comes round. Gee, what a pair o' horns you must have on that big head o' yours!"

Returned away rather hurriedly and started homeward on a longer but less obstructed route than that by which he had come.

He had not gone many paces, however, when he was startled to feel a long muzzle thrust over his shoulder, gently brushing his neck. Noiselessly as a cat the bull had followed him. Deeply touched, but somewhat embarrassed to know what to do with him, Rusty fondled the devoted beast affectionately and continued his journey. The bull accompanied him right up to the edge of the open, in full view of the farmyard. The farmer was lowering the bucket into the well, and the sharp clanking of the chain rang on the still spring air. The big black-and-white farm dog, barking loudly, came capering down the slope to greet Rusty. The bull halted, waving his long ears.

"Better quit now!" said Rusty. "Good-by, an' take keer o' yerself!"

Not allowing himself to look around, he trotted forward to meet the noisy dog; and the gaunt dark form of the great moose faded back, like a shadow, into the trees.

NEXT WEEK

WE shall publish in full the First Story submitted in The Youth's Companion Junior Fiction Contest

"ENGINE TROUBLE WANTED"

By ELIZABETH LIVERMORE (17)

Pretty Anne Arden, assistant stewardess on the great transatlantic liner, first met James Astley when his young niece was taken ill with appendicitis; from that time on, the voyage seemed all too short!

IN THREE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I

THREE boys, half clad, sat on the bank of Bread Hole. They had had the first swim of the season and were spending a delightful half-hour basking themselves in the afternoon sunlight and discussing the alluring prospect of a summer's vacation now only two weeks away.

Crab Cutler was putting the last finishing touches on a crotch destined to make a sling-shot of deadly accuracy. Such a crotch was a priceless possession and was much envied by all the other boys. They were rarely found, and when one was found it was usually the alert eye of Crab which discovered it.

"That certainly is a fine crotch, Crab," said one of the trio. "What will you trade for it?"

"Only another one just as good," was Crab's reply. And he added, "You are the greatest trader I ever knew, Shiner. You seem to think that a fellow can't have anything which he won't trade."

This comment upon a somewhat well-known characteristic of Shiner's nettled him a little, and he said, "That is what the whole world does. Everybody is trading. They make things and sell them. The man who works with his hands sells the use of his hands, and the man who works with his brain sells the use of his brain."

This was the beginning of a long discussion that started the minds of all three boys working along new lines. They completed their toilet and walked leisurely back toward the village, across the meadows and through the woods. The talk was still of trading, and Shiner became eloquent.

"Why," he said, "every boy in this town has got something to trade. I know a boy on South Street who's got a collie puppy to trade, but he wants a pair of pouter pigeons and he can't find any." He glanced at the perfected crotch in Crab's hand and added, "Why, there isn't a fellow in town who wouldn't trade almost anything he had for a crotch like that."

When they reached the village street the boys separated and Crab walked slowly homeward alone. He had suddenly become possessed by an idea. If all this talk of Shiner's was true, then why would it not be possible to build up a little business, buying and selling and trading the hundred things boys want and need, many of which they make themselves. He kept thinking of the boy on South Street with the collie puppy. He wanted a collie puppy, but he knew of no one with a pair of pouter pigeons. If some plan could be devised to find them, the trade could be completed.

The Universal Trading Company

By MACGREGOR JENKINS

Illustrated by DUDLEY G. SUMMERS



Shiner produced a great bunch of papers and said: "Now, look at that collie pup. We can't sell him, but if we can dig up a pair of pouter pigeons we can make the exchange, and we can charge something for doing it"

From this little incident came the Universal Trading Company. The idea that had occurred to Crab was talked over at great length, and the three boys determined to try the experiment. They kept the secret to themselves, and every afternoon after school they would meet and discuss their plans.

There were, however, some details that troubled them, and Crab decided to talk the plan over with his father, who was a lawyer and accustomed to business matters. His father listened very seriously while Crab explained the plan, and showed him how some of the difficulties could be overcome. After they had talked for a time his

father said, "This is a pretty good plan you boys have; you may learn a thing or two. I had planned this vacation to have you work in Mr. West's store; but if you will establish and run a little store of your own and do it in a businesslike way, I think it would be even more valuable for you, and I will help you. But you must not come running to me all the time; I can give you only occasional legal advice."

Heartened by his father's encouragement, Crab went to work in earnest. In a short time they had secured quarters in an abandoned wood shed near the main street of the village. They had renovated it, set a broken pane of glass and painted it inside and out. By the time that school closed they had effected an organization which they called the Universal Trading Company. Each of the boys contributed a small sum of money and received certificates of stock. Crab was elected president of the company, and Shiner was treasurer. The third partner, Peeler Jones, could secure the occasional use of a horse and light wagon, and to him was given the duty of bringing in such articles of merchandise as could be handled in no other way. A substantial part of their capital went to the local sign-painter for a sign to go across the front of the shed, the hanging of which awaited their formal opening.

IN the meantime, Shiner reported an astonishing find. He had dug up in the attic of his uncle's house a glass showcase which had been at one time in his uncle's store. This was gotten out, cleaned and repaired and put in a conspicuous place in the new store.

Meanwhile articles of merchandise had been selected by the tireless Shiner. He had made Crab scour the woods until a dozen almost perfect crotches were ready for display; small pasteboard boxes filled with candied flagroot were exposed for sale; and every boy in the village had brought in articles which he was willing to sell or barter—baseball bats, catching gloves, skates, tops and marbles; all the countless things which are owned and used by country boys. It all made a very creditable showing, and when, on the opening day, the store was trimmed with colored paper and bowls of iced drinks stood on the counter with all their merchandise, including the collie puppy, it attracted a great deal of attention; and most of the townspeople stopped to admire, and many came in to look the goods over.

All this Peeler and Crab had done. In the meantime, Shiner was at work on many difficult problems. He began to discuss such

terms as discount, commission, gross sales, net profits, etc. The boys had all had these terms in their mathematics in school, but had taken only a languid interest in them. They now dug up their arithmetics and studied them with a very new and unusual interest.

ALL day during the opening, while the other two boys served the cold drinks and described the store, Shiner was at a small table in the rear, covering sheets of paper with figures. When five o'clock came and the boys closed for the day they sat down to talk it all over.

Shiner produced a great bunch of papers and said: "Now, fellows, we must understand just what we are doing. We have taken in a dollar and ten cents already today, and this is just the beginning. Most of this stuff here does not belong to us; it has been sent here for us to sell. They call that in the arithmetic 'on consignment.' We have to turn over to the owner the amount we get for it less a small fee. That they call our commission. We can do a certain amount of business of this kind, but there will be a lot of straight trading. In fact, all the stores in the old days used to be what they call 'barter stores,' where instead of buying an article a man secured what he wanted by giving the storekeeper another article. Now look at that collie pup. We can't sell him, but if we can dig up a pair of pouter pigeons we can make the exchange, and we can charge something for doing it.

"I have made out this schedule. We will buy from day to day such things as we think we can readily sell at a small profit. We will get the boys to bring in the things they want to trade, and if we can make the trade we will charge them a fee, depending on the size and character of the articles traded. When you fellows go home tonight, you sit down with your fathers and learn everything you can about business and how it is

run, because we want to run this place right, and we want to show a profit."

The boys took Shiner's advice to heart, and through their fathers and other friends, including local merchants who were amused and interested by the boys' undertaking, they acquired a lot of useful information. Shiner had a cousin who worked in the local bank, and he showed him how to open a set of books, and how the simplest entries should be made.

Like every new undertaking, the first week or ten days was a busy time at the new store. The townspeople had a good deal of curiosity to see what the boys were doing, and business was brisk; but after a time the novelty began to wear off, the most attractive articles were sold, and fewer and fewer people dropped in. The boys of the village ceased to find anything they wanted, and the proprietors had not succeeded in making as many trades as they had hoped.

Each boy knew in his heart that something was wrong, but no one of them cared to bring the subject up. A week of bad weather ensued, and they spent many gloomy hours in the little wood shed, quite undisturbed by the buying public. Shiner became more and more absorbed in his figures, and if it had not been for Crab's unflinching good nature there might well have been a quarrel among them.

The first month of their enterprise came to an end, and that afternoon Shiner said to his two partners, "I want you to come down to my house this evening, and we will talk things over."

THREE very solemn boys met that evening. Shiner at once took the floor and said: "I have made up the figures for our first month of business, and they are not very good. We might as well face the facts and see just where we stand. We began a month ago with ten dollars capital, all paid in. We spent most of this in fixing up the

store, and we used all that was left in buying such articles as we thought would sell best. The result is that we have received from sales eleven dollars and fifty cents; we have received from commissions on trades forty cents; making our total income eleven dollars and ninety cents. We have spent for merchandise eight dollars and fifty cents, and we have spent for supplies to make our cold drinks and our candy two dollars and sixty cents. This looks like a profit of eighty cents for the month.

"We have sold all our best stock, and my books show that over half of our income came in the first week the store was opened. We can't go on like this, and something must be done. In the first place, we've got to get rid of all those animals; we can't keep a collie pup, four guinea pigs and three rabbits in the hope of making some sort of a trade—they have to be fed and cared for. We must send them back to their owners, and we will put up a card with notices on it, telling what animals we have to trade. But the owners will have to keep them. We won't have to feed them, and that will save some money.

"I have also found that the most profitable part of our business has been in things we have found and made ourselves. We must make more and buy less. The drinks and candy pay well, but we must avoid having any left on hand over Sunday, and we must be careful not to have more than we can sell very quickly. We ought to get some one to help us in the store, and we ought to be out hunting up business. We ought to do a little advertising, and we must always keep thinking ahead; we must begin now to think of things that we can sell in the fall. We ought to have hockey sticks and tops. We made a great mistake in buying all those marbles; they look very pretty in the showcase, but the marble season was half over when we bought them."

The other two boys sat silent and de-

jected. They understood most of Shiner's talk, but some of it sounded very strange to them.

Suddenly Crab remarked, "That is all right, Shiner, but how about all the stock we have on hand; that is of some value?"

"Yes," responded Shiner, "it is of some value, but its value is what the storekeepers call 'book value.' It's there, and it cost us money; but if we can't sell it, it isn't of any real value to us. All those marbles, for instance, are not worth to us what we paid for them. Besides, my uncle says that the trouble with most of the storekeepers in this town is that all they have is their stock on hand, and the stock on hand for the most part is composed of the things they can't sell. That's what they call having all your profits in your inventory, and that's a very bad place to have your profits."

Poor Crab was well beyond his depth by this time, and he ventured no more comments. The result of the conference was that Shiner's sister, Marjorie, was drafted, beginning the following Monday, to tend the store. Shiner had already instructed her in most of the details. Crab was to depart on a tour of the woods in search of well-shaped hockey sticks; Peeler was to take the horse and wagon and scour the country for attractive things with which to replenish their stock. He was told to get as much of this material given to him out of the storehouses and attics of the neighbors as possible and to buy very little. Shiner himself was to inaugurate the first advertising campaign to help bring people to the store.

Quite unconsciously Shiner was attempting to solve in miniature all the problems that were besetting merchants, large and small, the land over, and the reorganization which he effected, the plans he worked out, and the success that awaited the enterprise betrayed in him the natural-born merchant.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

IN NINE CHAPTERS, CHAPTER 4

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters: Philander Boyden and his two daughters and two sons live in the small town of Kingston. Financial misfortunes reduce them to such discomfort that the elder daughter, Beatrice, insists on leaving home and trying to make a career for herself in magazine work in New York City. After many discouragements, she secures by intelligence and by her previous experience in newspaper work at home a position with Modes, a New York fashion and society magazine. There she answers questions from correspondents and shows such willingness to study and improve herself that she becomes a really valuable member of the staff of the magazine. Meanwhile, her sister Amy keeps house for Mr. Boyden and the two young boys, in Kingston. Just as Beatrice begins to find herself on the eve of real success, a telegram comes from Amy saying that Mr. Boyden is desperately ill, and asking Beatrice to return home at once.

MRS. ERSKINE picked up the telephone and called the Pennsylvania station. After a few moments' conversation she put the instrument down. "There's a five o'clock train, Beatrice," she said. "Or you can wait for the ten o'clock."

"I'll take the first train," said Beatrice in a choking voice. "I can't reach father too soon."

"I've called a taxi," said Mrs. Erskine, at her elbow. "Don't you think I'd better go with you to the station?"

"No," said Beatrice, striving to regain her poise. "I can get along all right. Thank you for all you've done for me! Tell Mr. Lee that I'll be back just as soon as possible."

"Don't worry one bit about your work, Beatrice, dear. We magazine people stand together, as you know. I hope you'll find your father better than you expect."

It was late in the afternoon—a dull gray December afternoon heavy with low-hanging clouds and the greasy smoke from the factories—when Beatrice ran up the steps of the old house on the outskirts of Kingston. Amy opened the door for her, and they embraced in the dimly lighted hall.

"Amy! How—how is he? What—"

The little girl's finger went to her lips, cautioning silence. "He is sleeping," she said in a low voice. "The doctor left just twenty minutes ago. It's—it's pneumonia."

The word sent a chill to Beatrice's heart.

"Dr. Meade is coming again this evening," continued Amy. "He thinks tonight will be the worst."

"The crisis!" murmured Beatrice. "Oh, Amy, why didn't you let me know sooner? Why didn't you?"

The Home Girl

By DAVID LORAIN and ARTHUR FLOYD HENDERSON

Illustrated by DOUGLAS RYAN



Amy opened the door, and the sisters embraced. "The doctor left just twenty minutes ago," she said. "It's pneumonia"

Amy swallowed hard. "I hoped I wouldn't have to call you at all—I knew how important your work was. Then he got worse,—all of a sudden, it seemed,—and—I had Roger Farnham send that telegram. Aunt Hattie is coming; she ought to be here by supper time. Oh, Bee," she added with a sob, "I'm so glad you're here!"

They went into the kitchen, and only then did Beatrice realize the change in her sister. Amy's face was pale and drawn, her eyes dark with worry and fatigue. She had not slept during the two preceding nights. Now and then during the day Mrs. Farnham, a neighbor, had come in to do what she could; at such times Amy had managed to snatch a

few minutes of sleep on the parlor sofa, but it was fitful, troubled rest that did her very little good.

"Amy, dear," said Beatrice compassionately, "go and lie down."

"No," replied the younger girl resolutely, "I can still manage."

Beatrice glanced toward the sink heaped high with unwashed dishes. "Then let me clean up that mess for you—"

"No," said Amy again; "there's no need, Bee. You hate it so—and Roger's mother is coming again in the morning; she'll do them. How nice you look!" she added with a tired little smile.

Beatrice couldn't smile in return. Outwardly she was a different Beatrice from the girl who had left her home ten months before. She was smartly dressed from head to foot in the latest style, as if she had just stepped from one of the pages of Modes. Her hair was carefully arranged; her dark-blue dress, with rose-colored silk at the throat and on the sleeves, emphasized the slender grace of her figure; her high-heeled pumps set off her slender ankles. Amy, in spite of her worry and fatigue, could not keep her eyes away from her sister.

Beatrice suddenly moved to the door. "I must see him," she said, and tip-toed into the hall and up the stairs.

The door to Philander Boyden's room was partly open. The room itself was dark, but the light from the hall played across the bed, and Beatrice, standing tense and breathless on the threshold, could see the hills and hollows in the bedclothes over his body. The sight depressed her almost beyond endurance; but she stepped forward until she had a glimpse of the white face against the crumpled pillow, then turned quickly and hurried down the stairs.

ROGER FARNHAM was with Amy when Beatrice reached the kitchen; he had been working about the house for some time.

"Roger has come to fix the furnace," said Amy.

Beatrice greeted him with a brief word and a smile that quickly faded.

"I'm awfully sorry your father's so sick," he said to her awkwardly. "Want to help all I can." And he turned toward the cellar door.

He was a tall, rugged boy of about Beatrice's own age, with unruly yellow hair, dark, merry blue eyes, a wide mouth and a multitude of freckles. He and Beatrice had played together while growing up; then Roger had gone to the city to work at eighteen, only to return a year or two later, to work his father's farm. This was the first

time he and Beatrice had met in more than two years.

When Roger had gone downstairs to the cellar, Beatrice remarked to her sister, "He hasn't grown better looking, has he?" "I've always liked Roger," was the evasive reply.

Beatrice smiled tolerantly. "Does he still want to be a farmer?"

"Yes," said Amy gravely. "They have bought a new farm across the river, and he and his father are planning to work it next spring. Everyone says he ought to do well at it too."

"Oh, but farming—" began Beatrice. Amy was about to protest, when steps sounded on the front porch. "That's Aunt Hattie!" she exclaimed and ran to open the door.

Presently Beatrice heard her aunt's voice in the hall and hastened out to greet her.

Aunt Hattie Niles was a plump, kindly little woman in her middle fifties. Beatrice felt a vague sense of irritation as her aunt was removing her wraps, all the while making abrupt inquiries about her brother. But when the three of them were seated in the parlor, the older sister was forced to admit that, although her aunt's rusty black dress and her occasional bad grammar and limited point of view were irritating to her, it was a decided comfort to have such a person in the house in time of trouble. Aunt Hattie was plain-spoken and practical; she had had more than her share of worry and sorrow in her thirty-five years of married life, and she was not the one to be frightened into a panic by it.

"Now, Amy," she said, "tell me first of all if you've got a real good doctor, and when's he coming again."

"I think Dr. Meade is as good as any," replied the girl. "He's been our family doctor for as long as I can remember. And he's coming at seven o'clock, unless we need him earlier."

"That's good. Now, Amy, I don't want to act bossy, soon's I come in the house, but I can see you're tired out—an' I don't wonder at it one bit. You just go upstairs and lie down while I and Beatrice get supper—there's a good girl. No use of everybody wearin' herself out when it's not necessary. You do what I say. There, that's sensible!"

While Amy was upstairs in her room, Aunt Hattie and Beatrice prepared supper; and again Beatrice was thankful for her presence in the house. Roger came into the kitchen while they were thus engaged and wanted to know whether he could be of further help.

"No, I think not," said Beatrice. "We're grateful for what you've done."

Roger smiled and moved toward the door, but Aunt Hattie called after him, "See here, you'd best stay an' have supper with us, if you've got a long ways to go."

Roger hesitated, glanced quickly at Beatrice, then mumbled, "No, I'd best be going. Mom'll want to see me."

"That boy has a good face," observed Aunt Hattie when the door had closed behind him.

In Beatrice's disturbed state of mind the words sounded like a reproof, but she was silent, not caring to reply.

THE crisis in Philander Boyden's illness came that night. It was a night that remained like a horrible dream in Beatrice's mind. She was helping Amy put away the dishes when their father awakened. The younger sister hurried upstairs to join the others, leaving Beatrice alone in the kitchen. She stood there beside the wet and spotted table, wanting to go to him, yet held back by a nameless sort of dread and a sense of utter helplessness. She could hear his voice, low, monotonous and unnatural, then the soothing tones of her aunt. She could hear the boards above her head creak as the doctor or some one moved about the room, then the sound of running water in the bathroom. With her under lip clenched hard between her teeth she went into the hall and paused at the bottom of the stairs.

A shaft of faint yellow light from the opening door of her father's room streamed out against the old wall paper at the head of the stairway—a melancholy, ghastly shaft of light without cheer, without comfort. Beatrice returned to the kitchen and remained standing as before beside the table.

The light in the kitchen also was dim; she turned the jet on till it roared, but the light was no better. She turned it down again, then moved to the window. Snow was falling—great wet flakes that melted as they touched the panes and slid downward like drops of rain. The boards creaked above her; the voices continued.

Beatrice fumbled for her handkerchief and with cold, trembling fingers pressed it to her eyes. She wanted to be up there in that room; she wanted to help. But what was there she could do? She hated herself, hated her incompetence and her temperament that kept her there alone in the gloomy kitchen.

The clock in the hall struck nine, then the half hour, then ten. At last Amy came down. She was smiling, but her eyes were not reassuring.

"He is sleeping again," she said softly. Beatrice sighed with relief; she had expected worse news. "Amy, can I do anything?"

"No; nothing. Aunt Hattie wants us both to go to bed. I came down to tell you."

"But—but if he should get worse—" "They'll call us," said Amy. "We must be hopeful, Bee, dear! Oh, we must be hopeful!"

"Yes, Amy." Beatrice hardly knew she spoke the words.

She followed her sister blindly upstairs to her bedroom at the front of the house. The wind was beginning to rise, rattling

Aunt Hattie turned the light low and put a blanket over the chair between it and the bed. Then Amy and Beatrice, at a sign from the doctor, tiptoed out of the room.

It was almost ten o'clock when Beatrice awakened. The sun was shining, and the ground and the trees were sparkling with moisture. There was scarcely a trace of the snow and hail that had fallen during the night.

Downstairs, the first person she encountered was Aunt Hattie, and the pleasant-faced little woman was smiling in a way that sent a thrill of hope through the girl.

"Your father has passed the worst of it," she said, kissing her niece.

"Oh, Aunt Hattie! And he's going to get well?"

"So the doctor thinks," was the calm reply.

"Likely it'll be a long pull, but we'll all do our best. He's still a very sick man."

SOMETHING of the old buoyancy and confidence gleamed in Beatrice's dark eyes. As she sat down at the breakfast table with the others she wondered a little at her black despair of the night before. The world



"Why, farming is a wonderful life," said Roger. "It's natural, and it's healthful—and that's more than can always be said of business."

the ill-fitting windows, driving the snow obliquely against the glass. There was hail along with it now, and the tinkle of it against the panes kept the older sister's nerves on edge. She could not sleep; she could only lie there, partly dressed, with a bathrobe about her, listening. The whole world seemed black, the house a dismal place with horror lurking in every corner. At last she fell into a troubled sleep that seemed to last only a minute or two.

She awoke with a start and sat up. Some one was standing beside her with one hand resting on her shoulder. In the light that entered through the partly opened door she made out the figure of her Aunt Hattie.

"Your father is awake," she said in a low voice. "He wants to see you, Beatrice. There now, don't go an' be scared—"

Beatrice was out of bed in an instant. She entered her father's room, scarcely observing Amy and the doctor at the head of the bed. Her eyes were fixed on that pale face against the pillow, so strange and unnatural in the glare of the gas light. He opened his eyes and stretched one hand toward her. She took it in both her own and seated herself on the edge of the chair beside the bed.

For several minutes the room was silent. Then the father smiled faintly. "I'm glad you are here, Bee. It—helps." His voice was so low that the words seemed to come to her from a vast distance, as if from the grave itself.

Tears stole unheeded down Beatrice's cheeks, and a suffocating tightness in her throat held her mute. Philander Boyden's eyes closed again; the pressure of his fingers relaxed. He was breathing regularly, with less effort than at any time during the night.

"Let him sleep," whispered the doctor, and Beatrice gently withdrew her hand.

seemed so different now. Dr. Meade, who had spent the night at the house, talked encouragingly. Amy had lost her look of worry and exhaustion, and Aunt Hattie fairly radiated hope and comfort.

During the days that followed, Philander Boyden continued slowly to improve. His spirit was good; he said he intended to get well speedily.

Those were the hardest days of all for Beatrice. After her terrible day and night of anxiety reaction set in, and perhaps unconsciously she minimized the gravity of the whole episode. It seemed clear now that her father was on the way to recovery; why then should she remain at home indefinitely? She decided to return to New York at the end of two days; but when the time was up she thought perhaps she ought to remain a day or so longer.

Not that she was of any great service about the house; far from it. She was not a born nurse, as Amy seemed to be; and she could not bring herself to enjoy housework. The very house itself and especially its uncouth surroundings bored and depressed her. And then there was Roger Farnham.

Roger had been faithful throughout the time of trouble, stopping in as often as three or four times a day to lend a hand—to fix the furnace, to split kindling for the kitchen range, to run errands of all sorts. Beatrice tried to like him, but she could not. His robust strength, his healthy, freckled face and hands, his soft collars, heavy shoes and unpressed trousers all irritated her. She thought he ought to be in a fine business position somewhere and be earning plenty of money.

One day at table, when Aunt Hattie had insisted that Roger stay for lunch, Beatrice

said to him, "If I were a man, I think I'd eat my heart out if I had to stay on a farm."

"Why, farming is a wonderful life," replied Roger. "It's natural, and it's healthful—and that's more than can be said for business. I worked for nearly two years in an importing office in the city, and I know what it's like. Some day maybe I'll tell you just what I think of business."

"Well, I'll tell you just what I think of it!" rejoined Beatrice spiritedly. "I think it's glorious!" And she began to describe some of her own experiences as an editor of Modes.

Roger listened politely and with evident interest; but when she had finished he smiled slightly and remarked, "What a lot of time folks waste on dress, especially women-folks. Seems they spend half their life trying to make themselves beautiful—trips to the hairdresser's, the manicurist's, the dress-maker's—always reading about the styles. And I think a good many men are just as bad. My idea of beauty hasn't much to do with dress—"

He paused abruptly, coloring with self-consciousness, which deepened as Beatrice said to him in a tone that she might have used in addressing a child:

"What is your idea of beauty?"

Roger shifted uneasily in his chair. He looked for a moment straight at Beatrice across the table—at her wavy dark hair, her pale complexion, her tapering white fingers with their polished nails. Then his glance lowered and moved toward Amy, who smiled at him encouragingly. It was Amy he had in mind when he finally spoke—her sun-browned skin, her straight light hair brushed back from her broad forehead and, above all, the congenial, kindly glow in her blue eyes.

"Why," he said, still very much ill at ease, "I guess I can't explain very well. What I like is natural beauty—either in a landscape or in a person. Anything that isn't natural somehow doesn't attract me."

"Oh," exclaimed Beatrice, and that ended the discussion. Roger Farnham, it seemed, was even more impossible than she had supposed.

That evening Beatrice had a long talk with her father, telling him all about her work, her hopes, her ambitions. He was very much interested, and as she was about to go out he said, much as he had said once before:

"I don't want you to stay here any longer, Bee, on my account. I'm doing well, as you can see. They need you there in New York, and I know that's where you want to be. You've lost a good week, coming home; I don't want you to lose any more time."

"I was thinking I might return tomorrow," said Beatrice.

"That will be fine! Only, Bee, you won't forget to write once in a while?"

"I'll write at least once a week," she promised him.

The next morning Beatrice kissed him good-by and, after embracing Amy and Aunt Hattie in the hallway, hurried forth, bag in hand, to catch the bus that was coming over the hill. Despite the pang of parting, she found it hard to keep from humming a little tune. She felt like a bird suddenly released from its cage.

THE week that Beatrice had spent at home was sufficient to convince the editor of Modes that she was almost indispensable to the magazine. During her absence Mr. Lee himself had undertaken to do her work—and only then did he realize how fully he had been depending on her.

As it happened, Beatrice was on the point of preparing a week's copy for her column when she was called home. The copy had to go to the printers that day, and so Mr. Lee wrote it himself, assisted by Mrs. Erskine. Afterwards he learned to his surprise—and somewhat to his discomfiture—that readers did not like it. Several wrote in to point out inconsistencies; a number complained that it lacked the personal touch that characterized most of Beatrice Boyden's writing.

All this correspondence of course now came under Beatrice's notice. It was definite proof in black and white of her importance to the magazine. It gave her a feeling of pride in herself, but with it there was also vexation. Since she was of such undisputed value to Mr. Lee, why hadn't he seen fit to increase her salary?

She spoke of it to Mrs. Erskine soon after returning. "I was going to ask for an increase the day I was called home," she said. "Then when I returned I decided to wait till the first of the year in hopes I shouldn't have to ask. Now we're well along in January, and no increase! Do you know what I'm going to do?"

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

GINGER CASSIDY, the pinto pony and the K. G. ranch—all were below. The plane was soaring high into the sky. Peter Hastings tried to accustom himself to the roaring of the airplane engine, the rush of wind beating back upon him from the propeller.

His first ride in a plane! Here he was, riding in the rear cockpit of the two-seater, with Daniels, the ranger-pilot, at the controls of the front cockpit. Seconds ago they had bumped along the level ground and climbed into the air.

The flyer had landed near the K. G. corral, and Ginger Cassidy, the ranch foreman, had called Pete away from his radio set to watch the landing. Little had the seventeen-year-old son of John Hastings, owner of the K. G. ranch, thought that he was to ride with the pilot, climb with him into the skies.

Ranger Daniels, who watched for forest fires from his plane, had brought Pete a note from his father. John Hastings was over at Old Baldy and was called east at once. He had written, asking Pete if he wanted to fly over and see him before he left. Of course Pete wanted to—and he could come back by trail, a two-day trip. There was a clearing on the lower slope of Old Baldy, where Daniels could land his plane.

The flyer had instructed Pete carefully. He had strapped a parachute on his back and explained several times the manner in which it was to be operated in case of an emergency. He had told Pete that after he stepped off a wing, backwards, he must count ten—and then pull the rip-cord, which would release the lead parachute. That, in turn, would pull out from the pack the great arc of silken safety. And Pete had listened. He had been trained to listen carefully; it was a part of his creed.

A telephone headset was fastened over his helmeted head; Daniels wore one also, so that they could speak with each other above the roar of the powerful engine. Goggles were over Pete's eyes, but still the force of the air rushing back caused him to blink often.

He glanced over the side of the fuselage. The plane had climbed high; already he could see in the distance the peaks of the mountains toward which they were headed. His father had been away two weeks; it would be good to see him again.

"Feel all right, son?" he heard the pilot saying.

Pete moistened his lips. "I feel great." As a matter of fact he did not know just how he felt.

The engine roared steadily in his ears. They were up amazingly high already; Pete had certainly never been any higher. The ranch and the corral were behind, he could see by twisting his neck—far behind.

Clouds were above, and not very far above. They were heavy, white clouds, and Pete began to wonder how it would feel if they were to go through them.

The plane was bumping about with some violence. Not looking over the side or at the clouds, Pete had the feeling that they were merely suspended in midair, and not moving at all. But he knew that they were traveling at a high speed.

"How fast are we going?" he asked.

Daniels's voice came to him instantly. "My air-speed indicator reads eighty-eight miles an hour, and we are six thousand feet high. Like it?"

"It's fine," Pete replied. "Do you call this smooth air?"

He heard Daniels laugh. "I most certainly do not!" the flyer returned. "We're mixed up in cross-currents, and the clouds are moving along at high speed. But the wind's on our tail, and we should do nicely. Aside from not very probable engine trouble, the only danger will be of low clouds over the range. In that case we'd have to climb above the clouds to play safe and not scrape off the top of a mountain. You don't feel scared, eh?"

"No, sir!" Pete replied emphatically. "I like it fine."

"You'll do," Daniels replied. "I told your dad you'd be up to it, all right. You just sit tight and watch the scenery. There's plenty of it."

Pete laughed. His eyes were watching the rolling green, the infrequent ranch houses. He was becoming used to the roar of the engine and the rush of wind past his head. The plane seemed to be racing with the clouds above—and beating them. It was great fun!

THE Baldy Range was below; Pete stared down at the towering pines, the tiny threads of yellow color that he knew were

Pete Tries a Drop

By RAOUL FAUCONNIER WHITFIELD

Illustrated by GEORGE AVISON



"It's clear," he repeated. "I'm starting!" Slowly he commenced to work his way over the fuselage

the trails. A tiny splash of silver, to the south, attracted his attention. It was a lake, he supposed, and probably a large one. But from their present altitude it seemed like a mere drop of silver-tinted water.

"There's Old Baldy, far ahead—and to your right." The pilot was speaking.

Pete stared ahead and could distinguish the barren crown of Old Baldy. The ranch was far down on the southern slope.

It seemed to Pete as if they had been flying for weeks, but he knew that they had been up only a little more than two hours.

"Baldy's about twenty miles away," Daniels was saying through the phone. "We ought to be there within fifteen minutes."

"The air's rougher here than it was when we first started, isn't it?" Pete asked.

"It's too rough for pleasant flying," the pilot responded. "It's got me working the controls too much."

Once more Pete turned his attention to the mountains beneath them. They were roughed with large boulders, and the trails were comparatively few. It would be fun coming back through them tomorrow, with Bill, but it would be a good, tough ride, too.

Suddenly Pete straightened. The engine was no longer roaring in his ears! The change was startling; only the wind whined about his helmet, through the struts and wires. He noticed that the nose of the plane was tilted slightly downward, and that the pilot's head was bent forward.

"What's the matter?" he asked, his voice steady.

"Don't know," he heard Daniels say in a muffled tone. "Something's wrong with the engine, but it may be just a mixture that is poor. Sit tight. We're pretty high—eight thousand."

Pete relaxed again. He stared over the side. They were dropping slowly, but Old Baldy had come much closer in the last five minutes.

The engine suddenly spluttered and then burst into a steady roar. The plane was level again. But Daniels was speaking in a quietly grim voice.

"Listen, Pete. There's something wrong with the feed line, and we're in a bad place. The engine's missing badly, and I may not be able to hold her up in the air. We can't land anywhere around here. Old Baldy's the

nearest landing chance. Remember what I told you about that parachute?"

Pete swallowed hard. "Jump—count ten, and then jerk the cord," he said slowly.

"That's it." The pilot's voice was firm. "I just want you to be warned. And when you land—if you have to go over—you'll strike the earth with the same force as though you were making a ten-foot drop. So watch yourself; let your body relax. Clear?"

"I understand." Pete spoke in a clear voice, but his body was rigid.

The engine began to miss badly; even Pete's untrained ear could detect it. Again the nose of the plane tilted downward, again the pilot's head bent forward.

The roar died completely. Only the wind was singing, wailing through the rigging of the plane. Down and down, and yet always toward Old Baldy, which was now quite plainly before them, the plane dropped.

"We're at seven thousand." The pilot's voice was calm and steady. "I don't think the engine will pick up again. You'll have to go over at four thousand, Pete—that will give me time to follow you. Feel up to it?"

"I guess so—" Pete began.

"Don't guess!" The pilot's voice was sharp as steel. "This is a time for being sure. You've got to go over! The feed line's clogged—she won't pick up with the throttle. We're down to six thousand five hundred now. Unbuckle that strap. Grab the strut in front of you, on the fuselage—and then work yourself slowly out on the wing to your right. Don't release your hold on one strut until you've grasped another. Get out about five feet from the body—and then when I nod fall off backwards, count ten, and jerk that cord. Keep cool. Is that clear, Pete?"

The pilot's tone restored confidence in Pete. It had to be done. He was no coward—he would do it!

"It's clear," he repeated. "I'm starting!"

HE saw the pilot's head nod as he slipped the phonestet from his head and unbuckled the strap. Slowly he commenced to work his way over the fuselage.

Grasping the strut from the upper wing, which was bolted into the body of the plane, he swung his feet over the side, moved them toward the right wing surface. The wind shrieked about him.

He gasped for breath, but continued to work his way out along the wing, grasping one strut and then another. He did not look below, but was beginning to feel weak already. At last he stopped. It seemed as though he had left the fuselage an hour ago.

The pilot's voice came to him above the wail of the wind:

"Far enough—grab that cord with one hand!"

Pete reached behind him and clutched the cord tightly with his right hand. His left arm was hooked about the strut. He half faced the pilot, his whole body tense. He waited, his eyes upon the flyer, for the signal.

It came. The pilot nodded his head, screamed a sharp "Go!"

Pete loosened his grip on the strut, tilted his body backward. But he would not have needed to aid the wind. He was swept instantly into space, into the wide air.

He commenced to count. "One, two, three—"

He was falling with a terrific speed. He had closed his eyes, but he opened them now, continuing to count. How long it seemed since he had left the wing surface! His breath was coming in gasps. All about him was sky, a color of blue, a confusion of blue and white.

"Six, seven, eight—"

He had closed his eyes again. They were filled with tears, a blur of sky and cloud. He could not get his breath. Everything was becoming black, hazy, distant.

His right hand moved downward in a swift jerk. He had pulled the string! There was a faint ripping sound, but his body still plunged downward toward the pines.

And then there was a louder ripping sound. His body seemed to be floating now; there was a strong strain, a hard pull about his shoulders. The harness had tightened over his clothes, was pulling against his skin. He could breathe easier; his eyes drove away a blur.

Tilting his neck backward, he saw an umbrella-like expanse of white fabric spread above him. He dangled below it, in the harness of the parachute, swaying gracefully as he drifted down. The drop had been a success so far—the parachute had opened!

An object caught his eye, twisting downward, to his right. He shuddered instinctively. It was the doomed plane!

GLANCING about, twisting cautiously in the harness, he picked up another great white umbrella, slightly higher than he, but falling faster. He almost achieved a grin—the pilot had got clear, too, and was beating him down to earth, probably because he was heavier.

Pines were rising up toward him. There was no clearing in sight, but a narrow trail slanted away to the south, or what Pete's confused brain told him was the south.

A minute passed. The pines were just below him now, and he tried to glance below. He would fall hard, Daniels had said. He must try to protect himself.

Down the parachute dropped. A branch lashed toward him. He held his arms out in a protective manner, was struck a sharp blow by a snapped slender branch of the tree.

There was a ripping sound from above him. He felt as if his body had been jerked apart. And then he was dangling in the air, twenty feet above the ground. The spread fabric of the parachute had caught in the branches—had saved his life!

Twisting his helmet and goggles from his head, he dropped them to the ground beneath, which was covered with pine needles. He would have to cut himself loose, risk the drop.

But even as he raised his hands to the harness there came a ripping sound. The fabric above was slowly tearing apart. Steadily, almost gently, he was dropped to the bed of pine needles.

Sinking down, he rested. It was cool at the trunk of the great pine, and the excitement of his drop had weakened him. And then, suddenly, he remembered Daniels. He must find the pilot, of course. Together they would strike out toward the nearest trail, and then they could reach Old Baldy before dark. They must be within ten or twelve miles of the ranch there.

Rising to his feet, Pete unbuckled the harness. The fabric was dangling down from the lower branches of the pine. Another thought came to him, and he dropped his hands to his hip.

It was there; his Boy Scout knife, the only piece of equipment not placed in the fuselage of the plane, was safe. It might come in handy, too.

He left the harness dangling from the parachute. Looking above him, he thrilled at the thought that he had jumped off the wing of a plane high above. He'd have something to tell Ginger, all right!

Then a cry reached him, clear, but coming from a distance.

"Help!" he heard and listened intently, trying to detect the exact direction from which the sound came. And then again, more clearly this time—"Help! Pete!"

The voice came from the left, and Pete started down the slight slope instantly.

"I'm coming!" he shouted.

Fortunately, the underbrush was not very thick. But the pine needles and cones proved treacherous, and more than once Pete slipped and fell to the ground. After about five minutes of progress he halted, cupped his hands round his mouth, and

shouted with all his might, "Where are you? Where are you?"

The reply almost startled him, it sounded so near.

"Over here," the voice called. "Hurry! I'm caught in a tree!"

Pete whirled to his left again. He had been off in his direction. The slope of the mountain was less severe now, and he made better progress.

"Call again!" he shouted once more and noted that the pilot's voice sounded weaker when he replied. But it was dead ahead. Then his eager eyes detected the contrast of the white parachute silk hung upon the green of a giant pine. Then he saw Daniels.

THERE was a small semi-clearing near the tree in which Daniels's parachute was entangled. A pine had evidently been struck by lightning and had fallen, carrying some of the lesser growth with it. Crashing into a taller pine near the base, about fifteen feet up, it had become entangled. And ten feet above this meeting of the giants, dangling from the harness of his parachute as Pete had dangled, was the pilot.

But his body hung head down! It took Pete only seconds to visualize the scene. Jumping upon the sloping tree, he ran up its great trunk. He was forced to drop to his knees before he had moved very far, but, balancing himself carefully, he finally reached the joining place of the trees.

"Here I am!" he called, staring up at the pilot. Daniels did not answer, and Pete saw that his face was a bright red. The blood had rushed to it from his body. He must act quickly.

Pete was a husky chap, and he was trained to emergency work. He acted now as he thought his father would have acted. Grasping a branch of the living tree, he pulled himself upward, swung to another. It was hard work, reaching the branch above this one, but he managed it. It was, he knew, a race against time. Already Daniels had been suspended head downward too long for safety.

Straddling a branch near the pilot's head, Pete drew his knife. The harness had twisted to one side, and the pilot had, in some way, become entangled in the parachute ropes.

Above, the white silk was spread wide, and had not ripped, as had Pete's.

Carefully he sliced at the ropes. Daniels was unconscious; his body shifted toward Pete as he cut the last rope but one. Pete glanced below. Ten feet to the fallen pine, fifteen more to the earth. Somehow, in some manner, he must get the pilot down to the ground!



Ten feet above where the giant trees met, dangling from the harness of his parachute, was the pilot: But his body hung head down!

dead pine, and then work slowly to the ground. But if he let go, or they slipped—well, it was twenty-five feet down!

Fortunately, Daniels was not very heavy. But Pete's position was awkward, and he could use only one hand at the moment he cut the last rope. Gripping the pilot tightly above the waist, he twisted his feet round the stout branch. And then, slowly, with his left hand, he cut the last strand.

The weight of the pilot's body almost jerked him off the branch, but he gritted his teeth and gradually raised the man until he lay across the arm of the pine. And then, hardly waiting to relax, he raised Daniels's head.

Seconds passed. The position was dangerous. Pete rubbed the pilot's forehead with his hand. If only he would regain consciousness, so that he could help in getting down to the ground!

Pete felt a swift sensation of fear, but it passed quickly as he felt the pilot's body jerk spasmodically. His face, too, appeared less scarlet. And then Daniels's eyelids fluttered, half opened. He moaned in a low tone.

"Be careful!" Pete warned. "We're up in the pine you fell into. Don't move!" "Where?" The pilot spoke thickly, in a weak voice. "I was hanging—" He broke off and groaned again. "My left arm," he muttered. "Broken, I guess."

"Take it easy!" Pete cautioned again. "I haven't any way of getting a grip—don't see how I'm going to get you down."

"You've got nerve, Pete." The pilot spoke slowly. "But I'm in bad shape. My left arm hit the high branches pretty hard, and my right leg's hurt, too. Can't seem to move it."

Pete was virtually holding the flyer in his arms. How he could lower him that ten feet to the fallen tree was beyond him.

"Guess you got here just in time," the pilot muttered. "I couldn't use my arm to get clear, and the right one hadn't the strength. I could only scrape this branch with my finger tips."

Pete nodded. He felt very tired, but he didn't let the pilot know it. Down below he saw his Boy Scout knife gleaming. He had been forced to drop it the minute he had cut the last strand of rope—needing that hand free.

"Try to move your legs," he urged the pilot, but he saw by the expression of pain upon Daniels's face that he could aid him little in the descent to the ground.

CAUTIOUSLY Pete shifted the slightest bit. The change of position caused the pilot's weight to shift, and they both nearly fell to the ground—twenty-five feet below.

"We can't make it," Daniels said slowly. "You can't get enough grip and handle me at the same time—and I'm practically helpless. Better grab my good arm, lower me down—and let me take the drop."

"No, sir!" Pete was firm. "That would smash your broken leg too badly."

He shook his head slowly. Finally he spoke. Daniels had closed his eyes again; he was apparently suffering.

"I have it!" Pete said. "They probably saw us go down. Some one did. The trail's near here, I could see it from the air. And it's used quite a bit this time of the year. We'll stick it out—some one will come to help."

"I can't make it," the pilot returned. "But I like your courage, Pete. You've saved my life once—drop me over, I can stand the fall."

But Pete only shook his head again. "Some one will come—sooner or later," he insisted. "And I can hold you here—I must!"

He drew a deep breath and shouted with all his strength. The echo came back to him, faintly. And then there was silence, and the dropping of the pine needles or the occasional crash to earth of a cone.

Every two or three minutes Pete called. He laughed at the pilot's protests and refused to drop him to the ground. There was no way he could brace the injured man upon the branch.

Once, he thought of trying to tie him on, using the parachute ropes, but he saw that he could only reach the nearest with great difficulty and risk.

And so he sat, stiffly, calling. His back ached, his arms ached. The sun began to sink, and the shadows to deepen. Once Pete thought he heard an answer, but in the next half-hour he did not hear it again.

"I must stick it out!" he kept repeating to himself. "Some one will come—sooner or later."

When Jeff Lang and Art Hueffer first heard Pete's call it was almost dark. Ten minutes later they were beside the great pine, and in another five minutes Daniels was carried gently to the ground. Pete managed to get down alone, though he was near a collapse.

AMONG the homely keepsakes at the Old Squire's was a spyglass that he had brought home from Portland, years and years before, when he used to drive there to market his farm produce.

The distance was sixty miles, or more; but Portland was then the only market in the state where money was paid for what a farmer raised. And even there this was not the invariable custom; on one occasion the Old Squire took this marine spyglass in payment for a hundred and fifty weight of dry apple, sliced and dried by grandmother's young hands.

Grandmother was far from being well pleased. She had expected to get a fitch muff with the proceeds of that apple. But years later to us young people that old marine glass seemed a fortunate acquisition. From no other keepsake at the old farmhouse did we derive so much pleasure and advantage; we often carried it on trips and excursions to mountain tops, and frequently used it when looking for lumber up in the great woods, to spy the different kinds on distant hillsides, whether pine, or spruce, or fir.

It was a glass of foreign make, about three feet in length, when fully extended, and one of the clearest I ever looked through. From the hilltop to the north of the farm we could plainly discern the tiptop house on the summit of Mt. Washington, thirty-eight miles away, and even see the people walking on the platform of the mountain railway at the end of the hotel; at least Addison and Theodora could; my own eyes were never quite so good as theirs. But the glass was, really, a remarkably good one. At a distance of a mile or more I remember watching the colts and the young cattle, feeding on the hilltop in the upper pasture; I could see their every movement, and even see the little cloud of grasshoppers rise as they fed forward, and the black tails of the colts brush away the flies that troubled them.

Once I remember that Theodora and I had a great laugh watching Addison declaim "Spartacus" on the top of Bald Ledge across the valley to the east of the farm. He was to declaim it at Lyceum, the following Saturday evening; and that Friday morning he slipped away over there, where he thought

Magic in a Spyglass

By C. A. STEPHENS

Illustrated by HEMAN FAY

nobody would hear him, to declaim it to an imaginary audience; for "Spartacus," as everyone knows, is a declamation that calls for a good deal of noise.

Theodora chanced to glance out of the chamber window and espied him against the sky line, on top of the Ledge. At that distance she could not distinguish who it was, but she saw him brandish his arms and grew so curious that she ran for the old spyglass. When she saw that it was Addison she called me to share the fun; and for ten or fifteen minutes we looked and laughed! On his return to breakfast, we greeted him with, "Ye call me chief!" somewhat to his embarrassment.

Hiram Sewell and Bronson Chaplin—two classmates of ours at the village academy—had been going around the county with a set of tripods and three mirrors, looking into wells. When the autumn term began at the Academy, they left their outfit with us at the farm. At odd moments Addison and I experimented with it, and one day we discovered that it was possible to look over the top of a hill, or a mountain, and see objects,

like a house or a rock, on the other side of it, by arranging the looking-glasses—each two feet by three—at different angles, on the hilltop. Through the spyglass the reflection, transmitted from one mirror to another, would be magnified sufficiently to be seen quite distinctly, on a clear, sunny day.

ONE Sunday night in October, Elder Witham came to the Old Squire's, to stay over night, as he often did after preaching at the meetinghouse. Elder Witham was such a good man that I have often wondered why Addison and I did not like him better. But we certainly did dislike him, and for several years nothing suited Addison or myself more than getting the Elder at a disadvantage and compelling him to own up that he was worsted.

The reason for our antagonism to the Elder was that he was hard and unforgiving. He was an "Old Testament Christian"—which, in reality, isn't a Christian at all. When people sinned, he thought they ought to be punished, and he wanted to see it done. The God he served was a God of justice and

retribution, but not of love or mercy. When we erred he came down on us harsh and hard. With all his exemplary traits he had failed to learn the one great lesson, that the way to lead human beings on to better things is to love them.

That Sunday the Elder had again preached his sermon on faith and the duty of belief, one of his best discourses, and one of which, I think, he was rather proud. At the Old Squire's supper table he said he humbly hoped we had been edified by the words of Scripture as he had tried to expound them that day.

The Old Squire replied that he deemed it a good and profitable discourse. Grandmother said the same, since the topic was one that always pleased her.

We boys did not feel called upon to reply. For one, I was much too diffident and would not have known what to say. But I think Elder Witham expected Addison to make some response to his general question. His not doing so led the Elder to glance at him, rather more kindly than usual, and say, "I hope, young sir, that you, too, were edified today."

Addison hesitated and then said that his own idea of faith was not very clear. "But why?" the Elder asked, in a tone not quite so kindly.

"I hardly know, myself," Addison replied, indifferently; he said afterwards that he did not wish to reply at all and have the Elder rebuke him at table.

"I fear this is from unbelief, young sir," said the Elder. "If there is one tendency of the times more to be deplored than another, it is this petty skepticism that appears to be creeping into the minds of the young. I have noticed all summer that you appear to be falling into that error." His tone had taken on that harshness which always raised resentment in Addison.

Grandmother and Theodora were making all the silent efforts in their power to have Addison acquiesce and be pliable—efforts, however, he was now too perverse to heed. Instead, he looked at Elder Witham, with a queer smile, and said, "Perhaps, sir, you are right about me. I haven't the eye of faith that you think I ought to have." If he had stopped there, it would have been better, but he did not; he kept on smiling and said that he



Once I remember that Theodora and I had a great laugh watching Addison declaim "Spartacus" on the top of Bald Ledge across the valley to the east of the farm

could sometimes see things very strangely with just his natural eye.

The Elder regarded him austerely. "What do you mean by that?" he asked.

Addison nudged me under the table. "Well," he replied, "less than a month ago I was standing over the other side of Bald Ledge, down in the valley of the Robbins brook, and I saw the house over here and saw the family out in the yard. I saw grandmother come out on the piazza with a yellow earthen bowl in her hand; and that was as much as two miles off—yes, as much as two miles and a half."

The Elder seemed suddenly seized by unbelief, himself. "You mean to tell me, young sir, that you could see through Bald Ledge?"

"I did not say I saw through it. Perhaps I saw over it. But I did see the house here and saw grandmother with the yellow bowl in her hands."

"You couldn't distinguish one person from another two miles and a half off, not with the natural eye," Elder Witham exclaimed.

"Call it any eye you like," said Addison, "but that is what I saw."

"I don't believe it," the Elder declared bluntly. "Twas all your imagination."

"I can prove it," Addison nudged me again.

"I don't believe it. You're falsifying."

"I can prove what I say."

"Prove it, then."

"Very well, sir, I will. Tomorrow morning, if you say so, and the weather is fair."

The Old Squire said nothing. The Elder's ways were not his ways; he did not like our clashes with the old preacher; but of late he had held aloof from them. Grandmother was at a loss to know what we were talking about; and at that time we had not told the girls about that last experiment with the mirrors and spyglass.

ADDISON was up at daybreak the next morning, and carried the mirrors and spyglass over to the top of Bald Ledge, but was back and at breakfast, as usual, with the rest of us. He had recovered from his ruffled feelings, and wore his sweetest smile.

At breakfast Addison said to the Elder, "I am all ready to prove to you that I was not 'falsifying' last night."

"Very well," said the Elder stiffly. "But no hocus-pocus."

"None whatever. I will go over to the brook beyond Bald Ledge. You may do what you please here at the house. You shall see if I can tell you what goes on."

"How do I know that you will go over there? You might hide down beside the pasture wall in plain sight of the house."

This was another rather offensive reflection on Addison's veracity; but he laughed. "Send somebody with me, then," he said; "somebody you do trust to tell the truth. Make the test in any way that satisfies you."

The Elder glanced at me, but did not



Addison told me how they had seen the Elder on the barn roof. "He looked like a tall black Spanish rooster!" he added

appear to be filled with confidence. Then he turned to Theodora. "Young lady, you go with him," he said. "I would trust you, anywhere."

Theodora glanced at Addison deprecatingly, for we all felt that he would no more "falsify" about such a thing than he would commit perjury in court. The Old Squire smiled, but I thought he looked a bit disgusted.

We set the time for the test at nine o'clock. Theodora got her old "Napoleon watch," and after seeing that it agreed exactly with the tall clock in the sitting-room we three went over to Bald Ledge.

Addison had already set up the mirrors to catch the reflection from the old farm across the valley. He changed them a little to allow for the upward movement of the sun toward the zenith, or rather, to be exact, the down-

ward movement of the earth revolving eastward. He and Theodora then left me there, in charge, and, taking the old spyglass, descended to the valley of the Robbins brook, on the other side of the high ledge.

ELDER WITHAM had already decided what the test should be. He was active in spite of his fifty-eight years; and a few minutes before nine he climbed out at one of the farmhouse chamber windows, to the roof of the ell, walked along to the roof of the wagon-house, crossed it and, getting upon the roof of the east barn, stood erect on the ridge-pole, or crest. Afterwards he walked to and fro there for four or five minutes. He had settled in his own mind that, if Addison saw this, it would be fair proof that he could look through, or over, Bald Ledge, since he felt certain no one would guess that he intended performing such a feat.

In the course of half an hour, Theodora and Addison came back to the top of the Ledge, both laughing.

"It was easy," Addison exclaimed; and then they told me how they had seen the Elder on the barn roof. "He looked like a tall black Spanish rooster!" Addison said. "I almost thought I could see him flap his wings and crow."

Still laughing, they hastened home, leaving me to bring the tripods and mirrors; but I made haste and caught up with them as they reached the house yard.

Elder Witham was standing there, waiting for them; the Old Squire, too, and grandmother and Ellen.

"Well, young sir, what did you see?" the Elder demanded.

"I saw you walk across the wagon-house roof, climb over the barn roof, walk back and forth there, for some minutes, and flap your wings," replied Addison, promptly.

The Elder looked nonplussed, then turned to Theodora. "Young lady, did you see that, too?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," she replied, trying very hard to keep a sober face.

The Elder turned without a word and went into the house to get his little black valise, for he was going away that morning. Addison and I fairly hugged ourselves, for glee. Theodora, however, had an attack of conscience. She did not like to be a party to practicing a deception on the old preacher. Going after him into the house, she told him all about the mirrors and spyglass.

He came out considerably piqued and said to Addison, "Oh, you are a pretty cute youngster, but take care, sir, that you don't grow too cute for your own good."

Addison walked away, on the grin. The Old Squire's eyes twinkled a bit. He walked a few steps with the Elder, and we overheard him say:

"The young fellows are learning a great many new things, nowadays. I suppose we old heads may as well realize it and have charity for them, even when they are a little bumptious."

But the Elder strode on.

Mrs. Glasgow listened intently and silently. "It might," she said slowly. "They may have searched him." She looked very serious.

Very sadly Janet went back to get the potatoes. A dark, anxious afternoon this was. "Tomorrow morning we must do something," said her mother at suppertime. "It is too late tonight." They sat looking toward Lawrence. It would be so easy for somebody to come riding along that road with news.

It was more than an hour afterward and the dark was beginning to close in, when Janet saw Mrs. Barman come from her yard and go in the direction of the place where she got her "prenzils." She went very lingeringly, looking often toward the Glasgow house. Even after she turned to make her way along the creek she still looked over her shoulder often, as they could see faintly in the dimness.

"Let me go to her," begged Janet. "Perhaps she knows something."

"I think you might," answered her mother.

So Janet ran down the hill in a direction diverging from Mrs. Barman's and then worked her way along the creek until she came upon her neighbor, negligently collecting some of her useless weeds.

"Oh, Janetty," she gasped. "I did hope you'd come. He said the other day he'd kill me if I ever talked to you-all."

"He won't," said Janet. "I'd like to see him. Anyway he couldn't have seen me coming."

IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER 12.

Synopsis of preceding chapters: Janet Glasgow, her father and mother and her little brother Aleck come to Kansas in a covered wagon and homestead a farm in the stormy days just before the Civil War. A strong, kind-hearted man, Mr. Gard, whom they meet on the way out stays with them and helps them through many dangerous and difficult situations. They find themselves dragged into the thick of the slavery controversy; they soon learn that their neighbor, Mr. Barman, a shiftless ne'er-do-well, must be counted as an enemy, for he is in close communication with the wild band of desperadoes who, pretending that they are working for the good of the government, terrorize the countryside, stealing and burning wherever they go. Janet strikes up a friendship with poor little Mrs. Barman, the bullied, maltreated wife of the villainous Barman, and often Mrs. Barman and Janet find chances to talk together.

Frequently Mr. Glasgow and Mr. Gard must leave the farm in carrying out their duty of protecting homes from the lawless marauders. On one of these expeditions, they do not return within the expected time. Mrs. Glasgow, arriving home from a visit to a sick neighbor, says to Janet, "Where is your father?"

"He hasn't come yet," answers Janet, trying to speak steadily.

"We must get word tomorrow," said Mrs. Glasgow. "Of course they may all be busy helping these new settlers. And there may be no one to send word by. Listen!" If Mr. Glasgow would only return!

But it was nothing. A dozen times they listened thus. And it was always nothing.

The Gathering Storm

By MARGARET LYNN

Illustrated by GAYLE HOSKINS

"It may be all right—" Mrs. Glasgow began sentences without finishing them. And this had never been her custom.

"You see, Janet," she said at last, as if she must talk things over, "we must find him soon. The land is to be paid for this week. If we miss that, we'll have to begin over."

"What day will that be?"

"The fifth. The money will have to be paid at Leocompton. And the money is here. And where is father?" Her voice shook a little.

"Mother," said Janet after a little, "those men at Barman's the other night said something about the fifth. But I didn't know it was the fifth day. It might have been the fifth something else."

"Tell it all again, dear."

As faithfully as she could Janet told the tale again, while her mother listened more carefully than before.

"That may be the clue. I don't believe you spoke of the fifth before. And that man that came in the night, as well as those today, was trying to get the money. And that was Higgins that came here and struck Larry down. We might have guessed more before. Perhaps they are holding your father

somewhere until the fifth is over." She sat long and thought and listened. But at last she said wearily, "We must go to bed, Janet, and try to sleep. We don't know what tomorrow will bring."

But in the beginning the morrow brought nothing.

MRS. GLASGOW tried to reason away anxiety. "We are sure that if father were hurt some one would bring us word," she said.

So they reasoned and worked and waited. "It is only one day more than he expected to be gone," said Mrs. Glasgow, still arguing for hope and confidence.

Sometimes they seemed to convince themselves. And the hours went on. In the late afternoon Janet was digging potatoes for supper and in her mind reviewing all that the men had said yesterday. Suddenly she dropped the pitchfork which had to do duty as potato-digger, and ran to her mother.

"Mother!" she said, stammering in her excitement. "One of those men here said, 'We know Glasgow hasn't got the money.' That must have meant—"

"He's talking. He sent me off for these silly things. They's two men there." She was silent for a few minutes in a discouraged gloom. "Anyway, I'm going to tell you. It can't be no worse than it is. I wisht he would kill me. They're after your pa. They got him shut up somewhere."

"Where?"

"I ain't so sure. They got him yesterday. They's something up. He always sends me off."

"But what are they going to do to him?" asked Janet, her face white with terror in the dusk.

"I don't know. I listened, but I couldn't see through it. They's something up. I get so scared." She clasped and pulled at her hands. "It wasn't like this back home. I never know what to do."

"Poor thing!" cried Janet, her pity almost equal to her own alarm. She felt, as she often did, that she should be older than this fearful little woman. "I wish I could protect you," she sighed. And this time there was no one to smile at her.

"I don't mind taking care of him." The wife left a reservation which Janet could guess.

"But where's father?" she begged.

The woman told as well as she could. The place was toward Lecompton and farther away than Lawrence. She gave some names, and Janet carefully memorized them. He was in a log house, on a creek, away from a road. There was a guard watching the place. So much Mrs. Barman had put together.

"And where's Mr. Gard?"

Mrs. Barman had not heard his name. But Higgins had come in this evening and begun to talk. Her husband had sent her away, but she had waited under the window until she had learned all this.

"He's got something more agin your pa. You got his gun over there. Orcutt told him."

"We didn't know whose it was."

"But he lost it the night he was shot, so he thinks your pa shot him."

"He didn't either! He wouldn't shoot anybody!" cried Janet. To know that her father went out to fight, as a few nights ago, and to hear that he had shot some one seemed quite unrelated things.

"Well—now he knows your pa was there. He's awful mad about that too."

"Has Mr. Barman been out yet?"

"Last night he got on a horse after dark and rode round a little to see how he could. It's awful queer." She sighed again.

JANET was too young still to meditate on the irony of finding this helpless puzzled woman in the midst of this muddle of ugly planning and malice. But she felt an infinite sorrow for her.

"Are you getting the right weeds?" she asked, watching Mrs. Barman's casual collecting of plants. She gave them no examination, dim though the twilight was.

"It don't matter. He'll get out of drinking the tea anyway." She plucked two or three more in a haphazard way and put them into her apron with the others.

"Oh, thank you for this!" cried Janet ardently, for once throwing her arms around the woman. She had never cared much for laying hands on her, though she felt that the lonely little soul craved such touching. Now she held her warmly, and Mrs. Barman, as if she found great help in this, leaned against her saying, "Oh, Janet, oh, Janet!"

But in the end it did not help, for she burst into tremulous sobbing and then into wild talk which startled Janet.

"I bet I'll make him drink this tea this time," she said with sudden fragile vindictiveness, gathering together her apron full of herbs, "if I have to put it into his coffee!"

It was such a slender summary of hatred and retaliation that it was absurd. But Janet saw only its weakness and not its humor. She did not believe that Mrs. Barman could carry out even this. But she thanked her again, most fervently, and hurried away home through the early dark.

"Oh, I feared it," was all Mrs. Glasgow said at first to Janet's story. She sat a long time in troubled thought while Janet told the tale again and added her indignation and her laments and fears for her father.

"It means this," her mother said at last, trying to leave unuttered her anxiety for her husband. "If we don't pay for the land tomorrow, we lose it and have to begin at the beginning. And then, if they burn the house down or haul it off, as they could, they have the same chance to steal the land away from us that they did last spring."

"You'd think this was the only land."

"Yes. Well, the men think it's an unusu-

ally good piece. And our neighbors don't want us here. They made that plain enough."

"I wish Mr. Stivers would come," said Janet. "Or Seth Roberts."

"If we even had a messenger." Her mother paused again. "If we had only known a few hours ago. Now it's too late. If even Mart had come tonight! Janet dear, I believe you'll have to go to Lawrence in the morning and find Mr. Stivers and tell him about father—and take the money." She dropped her voice as she spoke of the money.

"Do you think I could?" said Janet solemnly.

THEY were sitting by their dim lamp,—only a rag in a saucer of grease tonight, since they were out of oil,—and the faint light made the lines and the hollows of her mother's face seem far deeper than usual. Never had she looked so anxious and so worn. As Janet noticed her, she wished that she could do everything to make her mother less troubled.

Mrs. Glasgow made her plans as she talked, with pauses while she thought matters



"I bet I'll make him drink this tea this time," she said with sudden fragile vindictiveness.

out. "You can ride faster and better than I, and you would attract less notice if they are watching, as they likely are. And I must be here tomorrow in case—You would do better than Mart, even if he does come back. You must go very early, very early. If you can't find Mr. Stivers, look for Captain Marsden, or Mr. Fraser, or Seth."

"The Lawrence men will take care of us when they know. They will like going for father," said Janet confidently.

"Where is Pronto?" asked her mother. "He's been tied down in the hazel-brush ever since yesterday. I fed him there."

Mrs. Glasgow laughed a little. Then she rose. "We must get the money ready."

She measured two strings, according to the figures Mr. Gard had put on the wall by the door. Then they went outside. It had grown very, very dark, as if a storm were coming up. They found the right place and brought a spade. Then they waited a long, very long time, to be sure that in all the black space about them there was no movement of any unfriendly watcher. At last, very quietly, Mrs. Glasgow opened the hole and took out the box which Mr. Gard had buried weeks before.

With the door closed and the window covered, she removed the papers and money and counted out what was needed. "In the morning we'll find a new place to hide the box."

She took Janet's sunbonnet, an article much disliked and neglected by its owner, and slipped out several of the pasteboard "slats." Carefully she inclosed the money in stiff paper and pushed it into the empty spaces.

Janet could hardly sleep at first. But even while she was thinking of the morrow, it seemed, her mother was standing beside her and saying softly, "Janet, dear, it's time. You feed Pronto and saddle him while I get you some breakfast." Then Janet knew that the time to try her had come.

It was very, very early, and so dim that no possible watcher over at the Barman house could see any movement here.

Mrs. Glasgow detained Janet when it came to the last moment. "I don't think you need go yet," she said, a painful reluctance in her voice.

"It will take a good while, mother. I'll have to go round." Janet's spirits had risen with the morning and with activity. To be the bearer of important dispatches is something.

Mrs. Glasgow sighed and prepared to let her go. "But, Janet, dear—" And then she kissed her and released her. The precious blue sunbonnet had its strings tied tightly about her neck.

It would be the strangest person that could ride into the mystery of a summer dawn, and a dawn on the clear prairie, empty of everything that any man has made and of all movement except the slow change from night to day, and not be absorbed first of all in it.

But the sun waited not on feelings. It sent upward its first dim flushes and its greater

There was nothing else to do. Janet dismounted, turning her head aside so that the man might not see how her lips were trembling. She knew that she should seem to have nothing to hide from them.

"What's in your pocket?"

Janet produced two dollars and a list of things which her mother hoped she might get and bring home.

"That looks honest enough," said the other man.

"Nothing else—no other pocket?"

"No."

He began to run his hands over her shoulders. His friend, who was watching him, said, "Be careful about the right of search and seizure. I have a little girl of my own."

But the first one persisted. "Take off your shoes," he said. "In stories dangerous persons always carry something in their shoes," he added jestingly. And Janet silently, though now very angrily, unlaced her shoes and stood in her stocking feet. She was hoping furiously for a way to get even with this man. Anyway it made him look a little silly when he inspected the empty shoes. While she put them on again he examined the saddle.

"It seems to me you're out pretty early," he said.

"I have to get back again."

"Yes, one always has to get back again," said the man on horseback.

"Well," said the other one, "we're going in your direction, and you can ride with us. Then nobody will trouble you. You can ride between us."

Janet would have refused indignantly; but the man's *can* seemed to mean *must*. It was better not to make him more suspicious by objecting. And what else could she do? So she rode between their two tall horses for the three miles that remained. They talked across her in a careless way, and sometimes addressed her. "It's strange about your name beginning with an A," said one. "I could have sworn it began with a B."

"It doesn't," said Janet very sharply.

As they drew near to Lawrence the men began to watch her more closely, to see whether she inclined to stop at any house they passed—at one certain house in particular—or to turn off on another road. But at last they reached the great hilltop and then the first scattered houses of Lawrence, and Janet drew a long trembling breath.

"Who do you want to see here?" said one of the men, noting that she did not pause.

"I can find him."

"No—tell us."

"Mr. Stivers." Janet could tolerate their impertinence now. She had no fear. Men were moving on the street, and she was sure they would protect her.

"Who?" exclaimed the men.

"Mr. Roger Stivers. I must see him."

The men looked at each other over her head and laughed in a surprised way.

"All right. Let's find him." So they went on, while the men still exchanged amused looks.

And then in a moment they met Mr. Stivers, coming out of the house where he had a room. Janet waited for him to speak, hoping that he would astonish these men.

"Hello, Janet! Where are you going so early in the morning with all that body-guard?" He stood smiling at her as she sat on her pony between her two escorts, her blue sunbonnet on her shoulders, her cheeks very red and her lips firmly closed. "When did you fellows get promoted to be grooms for Janet?"

"Friend of yours?" asked one of the men.

"Aren't you, Janet?"

The men began to laugh uproariously, rocking in their saddles and slapping their knees, until three or four other men came up to see what the entertainment was. It was always easy to get a group together on the Lawrence street. Janet did not quite understand the joke herself, and she maintained a very dignified manner.

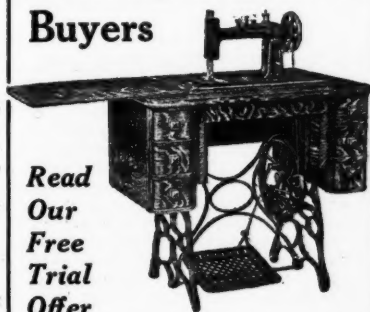
"We brought her in here as possibly a bearer of information to the enemy within our gates."

"Janet Glasgow!"

"Glasgow! Glasgow's daughter? She said her name was Argyle."

"It is," said Janet. "You didn't ask my whole name."

THE men smiled at themselves but explained seriously. "We were looking for anybody that was bringing in news today, as we came along. You know of that leakage in our midst we were trying to trace. And we thought so honest-looking a person, out so early in the morning, would be the very one

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to keep an eye on." Stivers looked grave and nodded as if he knew too well what they meant. "I suppose you were carrying dispatches too, right under our noses."

"I have something for Mr. Stivers," said Janet.

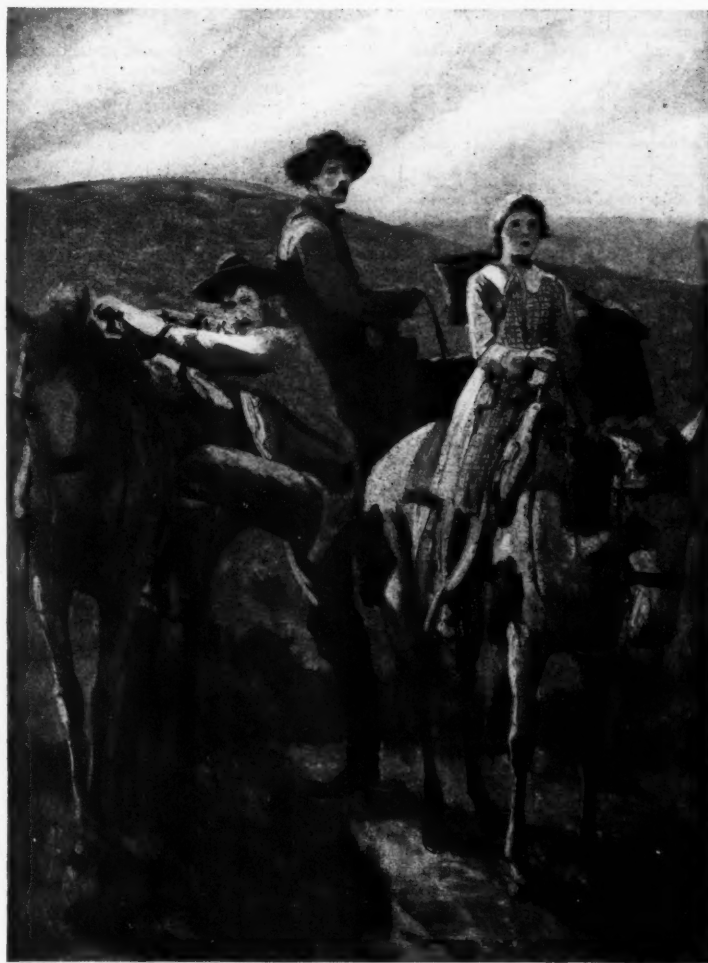
"Ha! Where is it?"

"In my sunbonnet."

The men all laughed again and made more fun of the riders. Sage, who had joined them, said, "Better risk a whole secret service than Janet."

"I always supposed those things were all

knew something, but didn't know where to get at the center of it all. I think they were aiming at your father chiefly, but several men were to pay for their land today, several free-state men, and they have planned to interfere with all of them and make them lose their land or be delayed in getting it. It's an important thing. We think there's some trickery right here in Lawrence. That's what the men that took you had their eye out for. But we'll outwit the whole bunch of them today, especially with your news. You'll see. Here's the Marsden mansion."



"Well," said the other man, "we're going in your direction, and you can ride with us"

made in a piece," said the man who had searched her.

Janet could endure all this no longer. "Mr. Stivers!" she cried, in the midst of all the mirth. "Won't you go and help my father?"

The jesting and laughing stopped instantly. "Where is your father?"

"They have him shut up because they want his land. He's imprisoned!"

"Where?" "How?" "What?" Every man had his exclamation. They were different men now, gathering close about her, eager, suspicious, stern. Janet forgave the laughter that had been. She told all her story, sitting there on Pronto, among these excited, indignant men. Out of their own knowledge they could add to it. "That's where Menger is too!" "That's why Angney—" They talked quickly and impetuously, throwing brief statements or guesses back and forth. Janet turned to one and another, listening as well as she could, trying to put together all they were saying.

Roger Stivers caught her eye and her anxious look. "We'll get your father, Janet dear," he said reassuringly.

"And pay for the land?" added Janet. She untied the gingham sunbonnet from about her neck to show that she had the money and papers.

The men laughed again, but much less this time, and Stivers said, "I'm proud of you once more, Janet." Then he said, "Let's call Marsden and Seth and one or two others and see how to go about this. I'll take you to Mrs. Marsden, Janet, while we are making our plans. Don't worry, dear. You've done all your part."

As Stivers led her away he explained, "This is part of quite a plot, Janet, and you have done a lot of good by coming. We

But while they were hitching the pony a man came up along the street with a saw and hammer and plane in hand. "It's Mr. Gard!" cried Janet.

"Why not?" said Mr. Gard. "Was I lost from anybody?"

"You were lost from us. We've wondered and wondered."

But it was very simple after all. He had stopped in Lawrence when they came back from Shawnee Mission, to help a man to "raise" a house, while Mr. Glasgow rode on toward home. And that was only the day before yesterday. He heard Janet's story very grimly. "I'll get a different kind of tools and come to join you," he said briefly to Stivers.

Kind Mrs. Marsden received Janet gladly and gave her another breakfast. And this time Janet was able to eat. And then they went out to do her marketing. But with all that she was growing impatient when Captain Marsden and Roger Stivers came back.

"We have it all planned, Janet," said Stivers. "We're sure we know now just where they have your father. And we think they have one or two other men there besides. We'll go straight there and get them out. And then we will go on with them to the land-office."

"I'll go home and tell mother," said Janet, already moving.

"My poor child! You're not going alone this time. We're going to send some men out there too to see that no damage is done today. You and your mother must not be alone today. They might go on and burn the houses anyway when we head them off at the land-office. That sweet neighbor of yours is capable of doing it for his own pleasure, without any other reason."

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FACT AND COMMENT

NOTHING is easier than spending the public money. It does not appear to belong to anybody. The temptation is overwhelming to bestow it on somebody.—Calvin Coolidge.

At PRINCETON they are trying to decide whether chess is a sport that entitles a member of the college "team" to a letter. All one can say is that if it is a sport it is about the only one where speed is of no advantage.

WHEN A HIGH-SALARIED EXECUTIVE left the employ of the Marshall Field store, some one asked Mr. Shedd, the president of the firm, what he was going to do. "Hire another office boy," he said. Promoting all along the line and filling in the vacancy at the bottom was his policy, and he found that it helped to keep his business prosperous and the morale of his staff high.

HOW MANY BOYS who have spouted Rudyard Kipling's "Fuzzy Wuzzy" at school declamations knew that Fuzzy Wuzzy was a real historical character? His real name was Osman Digna, and he was, as Kipling says, "a first-class fighter" man. He was a Soudanese Arab chieftain, and in the wars of forty or fifty years ago he caused plenty of worry to the British and later to the Italians, at the head of his fanatical warriors with their "ayrick" heads of air. He was captured in the end and died only the other day at the age of ninety.

REPEATERS

HERE is a word that carries a heavy burden in our current speech. In our office dictionary there are a dozen distinct meanings set down, from a watch that, on pressing a spring, "repeats" on a little bell the hour and minute last past to a man who votes more than once at an election, an athlete who repeats or duplicates an unusual performance, and a gun or revolver that fires a number of shots without reloading. We are using the word here in still another sense, one that has not yet found its way into the dictionary, but is in common enough use—a boy or girl who has to take over again the studies of a school year, because of a failure to pass the examinations for promotion.

Did you ever hear a high-school student say to his father or mother, "I think I shall flunk in English and algebra and French. They're all too hard!" And have you heard the indulgent parent reply, "Well, never mind. You can take them over again next year, and they'll be easier then. You're young yet, son. Another year in school won't matter!" We have heard such a conversation more than once.

So the boy stops trying to get through his courses successfully. He loafs, flunks his examinations and appears again the next fall to take his first year in high school over again. Probably he falls into habits of indifference and carelessness and loses year after year—together with most of the good of his education.

Repeaters greatly increase the cost of the public-school system. Taxpayers grumble about the high cost of their schools and then contribute to that expense by encouraging their own children in a laziness that wastes the time and the effort that hard-working

teachers are giving to the schools. If parents could be made to pay for the cost of teaching their children the same subjects twice over, we should probably see a sudden improvement in the quality of school work.

Besides the money cost to the community there is the harm done to the character of a boy who, in his formative years, is allowed to fall into the habit of listlessness and indifference. A life can easily be ruined by the degeneration of moral fibre so induced. It is not hard for parents to find out what sort of work their boys and girls are doing in school, and a little firmness on the subject is usually enough to keep the youngsters up to the by no means inaccessible standards of our public schools. Don't let your child drift into the habit of failing. That is the road which leads to a life of incompetence and unhappiness.

OUT OF THE DIM PAST

FIVE years ago Dr. Wilfred M. Voynich, a collector of old books and manuscripts, brought to this country a set of volumes written on vellum and constituting a sort of encyclopedia of scientific knowledge. At the monastery from which he bought them there was a tradition that they were the work of Roger Bacon, a Franciscan friar who lived in the thirteenth century and has long been regarded as one of the great scientific minds of the Middle Ages.

The books were written in a strange tongue and a complicated cipher, which no one had been able to solve until Doctor Voynich submitted the volumes to Dr. W. Romaine Newbold of the University of Pennsylvania. He found the key and translated at least a part of the manuscript.

It was announced at the time that they show Bacon to have had knowledge both of the telescope and of the microscope. Doctor Newbold is even reported to have said that when the time came he would prove to the world "that the 'black magic' of the Middle Ages consisted in discoveries far in advance of twentieth-century science," and that the books contain "information on the origin of life and other mysteries that will stagger the scientific world."

Last September Doctor Newbold died, whether with his task of translation completed or not we do not know; but at a recent memorial meeting in his honor a most interesting announcement was made. Among the formulæ in the books was a rule for making salts of copper. Doctor Newbold submitted it to a chemist, who said he had never heard of it; but he tried it and found that it works, though it is too complicated to be of commercial value today.

The incident is interesting for two reasons; it shows that Doctor Newbold's solution of the cipher is correct, and it shows that the friar of more than six hundred years ago had knowledge not common to the men of his day, and that he knew how to set that knowledge down. It whets the appetite of the scientific mind for other secrets that the books may contain.

There is a sort of archaeology of learning, of knowledge, as there is an archaeology of the more material aspects of civilization, such as architecture, household utensils and armor; and out of its dust heaps long-buried jewels flash from time to time a ray that broadens the horizon and grips the fancy.

TWO RABBITS

ONCE upon a time there were two children, a brother and a sister, who had two white rabbits so much alike that no one, not even the boy and the girl, could tell them apart. The impossibility of distinguishing them interfered in no way with the pleasure that the children had in their pets. No question of joint ownership entered their heads. Neither of them looked upon himself as having a half interest in a herd of two rabbits, but each considered that he was the sole possessor of one complete rabbit. And so it went serenely until the morning when Johnnie found one of the pets lying still and cold and unresponsive, with much sympathy but no uncertainty in his voice, "Poor Mary! Her rabbit is dead."

It is a painful story, though as wholesome as one of Aesop's fables, because it has so much human nature in it. Let us not dwell upon it, but turn rather to a more agreeable incident that happened recently in England.

King George had been grouse shooting on the grounds of Bolton Abbey. The little daughter of the rector had been sick for some time, and one morning the King expressed a desire to see her. She was brought

into the hall and in reply to His Majesty's question said that she felt well, but was unhappy because Wilfred was to be sold. Who was Wilfred? Why, the pet rabbit, of which she owned half. Her brother, who owned the other half, was forcing her to sell. The King sent his querry to interview Bob, the brother. Would he sell his share to the King? Yes. For how much? Five shillings—about a dollar and a quarter. The querry handed over ten shillings and said, "His Majesty presents his half of Wilfred to your sister Kathleen. She now has all of Wilfred, and you have ten shillings." The boy offered to return five shillings, but the querry refused to take them.

The little drama is both perfect and pleasing. Poetic justice crowns it, and we come away smiling and happy. But if we look a little beneath the surface, we may perhaps carry with us a more serious thought—a sense of the tremendous power that still remains to kings. Time and the changed and changing conditions of life may rob them of political authority and make them seem no more than archaic figureheads. But there is still a divinity that doth hedge a king. History and tradition continue to gild his figure with a certain regal splendor; and, although democracy may take away his scepter, it cannot rob him of the power to make a deed of tender kindness a royal opportunity, and, by virtue of his exalted station, a pattern of conduct.

THIS B WORLD

SOME PEACE PRIZES

THE Christmas season was marked by a general distribution of important prizes to statesmen who have labored—and accomplished something—in the cause of international peace. The famous Nobel prizes for 1925 were awarded by the committee of the Norwegian Storting that selects the recipients of the prizes to Vice President Charles G. Dawes for his services in putting the "Dawes Plan" into effect, and to Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the British foreign minister, for his work in connection with the Locarno agreements. The prizes for 1926 went to M. Briand, the French foreign minister, and Herr Stresemann, who presides over the German foreign office, for their labors in improving the relations between those two traditionally hostile nations. Here in the United States the annual prize given by the Woodrow Wilson Foundation was awarded to Mr. Elihu Root, for the important part he took in constituting the Permanent Court of International Justice—usually called the World Court.

RAISING AMERICAN RUBBER

IT is reported that the government of Liberia, that republic on the west coast of Africa which is ruled by the descendants of American negroes who have returned to the continent from which their ancestors came, has granted a tract of one million acres to the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company. On this land the Firestone Company plans to raise rubber for the American market, and, since the grant contains almost as much land as is now planted in rubber in the British Malay States,—the principal source of commercial rubber,—successful cultivation of it ought to result in a substantial reduction in the price of rubber.

WHERE THE BEST WHEAT COMES FROM

AT the international wheat fair at Chicago last month the prize for the finest wheat and oats exhibited went to Herman Trelle, a grain-farmer in the famous Peace River country in northwestern Canada. The interesting fact about this award is that the grain was grown in the latitude of northern Labrador—as far north of Toronto, for example, as Toronto is north of Florida. The Peace River country still suffers from lack of railway facilities, but it has a remarkable soil and an exceedingly favorable climate, when we remember that it is only six hundred miles from the Arctic Circle.

THE ALLIES AND GERMANY

ALTHOUGH the Council of the League of Nations adjourned without settling the vexed question of the allied control over the armament of Germany, the representatives of the nations interested came, the very next

day, to an agreement on the subject. By this understanding, the Inter-allied Commission of Control will withdraw from Germany on the last day of the present month, and the carrying out of the provisions of the treaty of Versailles which limit the armament which Germany may maintain will be in the hands of a commission of the League of Nations.

THE TAX SURPLUS

THE President's proposal that the income taxes for the present year be reduced through a substantial rebate, owing to the surplus of nearly \$400,000,000 which the tax produced in 1926, seems likely not to be accepted by Congress. It is as certain as anything can be that the money will be applied to the payment of the public debt. That is the recommendation of the House Committee on Ways and Means, and the Republican majority in Congress is inclined to follow the committee rather than the President.

FALL AND DOHENY ACQUITTED

THE trial of Albert B. Fall, former Secretary of the Interior and Edward L. Doheny, oil magnate, for conspiracy to defraud the United States government, in connection with the leasing of the Elk Hills naval reserve oil land to Mr. Doheny, resulted in the acquittal of the defendants. Mr. Fall and Harry F. Sinclair were at once put on trial on similar charges growing out of the leasing of the Teapot Dome oil-lands to Mr. Sinclair's oil company.

DYING ROYALTY

TWO monarchs lie dying as we write, and both may be dead before this paragraph comes to be read. One is King Ferdinand of Roumania, who is very ill with cancer, and cannot live long. The Mikado of Japan, who has long been incapacitated by sickness, is the other. Like most of his family the Mikado is doomed to a short life; he is now only forty-seven. Bucharest, where King Ferdinand lies dying, is agitated by political intrigues. Queen Marie desires her grandson Michael proclaimed king, with herself as regent. Michael's mother, Princess Helene of Greece, herself aspires to the regency. Another party, to which Queen Marie's elder daughters are said to belong, wants Prince Carol, the son of King Ferdinand, absolved from his renunciation of the throne, and declared king. Jon Bratiano, the former premier and almost dictator, has his own ambitions, and wants neither Carol as king, nor any woman of the royal family in power. Plots, counterplots and counter-counterplots are thriving in Roumania's capital, and no one knows who will win. It is possible that a military coup d'état may end the confusion.

MISCELLANY

Historic Calendar



January 15, 1559. Queen Elizabeth crowned

ELIZABETH, the theme of many tales, Received the crown of England at Westminster. She wore astounding ruffs and farthingales. And through her royal life remained a spinster.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

THE GOSPEL OF THE INCOMPLETE

SCHOLARS are agreed that of the four New Testament narratives of the life of Jesus the Gospel according to John is much later than any of the other three. Its author was evidently familiar with the earlier narratives, or some of them, and his work is both a supplement and an interpretation. But he does not tell us that he thinks his

narrative at all complete. On the contrary, he closes his book with the words to the effect that Jesus said and did many other things, of which, if they were completely recorded, "the world itself would not contain the books." We do not know, and we never shall know, the whole story of the life of Jesus.

No such statement appears at the end of the Acts of the Apostles, but the Acts is clearly incomplete. What we have in that most useful book is a very few of the acts of a very few of the apostles, and of the apostle whose deeds are most fully recorded an abrupt ending of the narrative, at almost its most exciting point. The story of Paul's arrest, imprisonment, voyage, shipwreck, sojourn on the island of Malta and arrival in Rome is told with dramatic particularity; it is evidently the work of an eye-witness. Then in two verses we are told that Paul lived for two years in a rented house, a prisoner awaiting trial, but preaching freely to those who came to him. There the story ends.

Was he tried and convicted? We rather think not, at that time. We judge that the case was dismissed for lack of evidence, the long delay having wearied out the prosecution, that he was set at liberty and later re-imprisoned, under conditions of greater severity, and that he died a martyr. But we have to infer this from certain allusions in the later epistles. The narrative itself is incomplete.

Life itself is like that. At no stage do we find it finished. Evils die hard and rise again to confront the Christian after he supposes his work to have been done. Unpleasant traits in our own character glare back at us out of ugly and mocking eyes to remind us how far our own lives are from the ideal.

At Gettysburg, Abraham Lincoln reminded his hearers that they could not do very much in the way of dedicating the soil where the battle had been fought; this soil had been already dedicated by the heroism of brave men, living and dead. But he said it was possible for those present, and for the people of the nation, to dedicate themselves to the unfinished task which heroism and patriotism had so nobly begun.

That task is still incomplete, and will not be finished till political and social life in a government by the people is made secure. The task is incomplete in the moral sphere. The incompleteness is our opportunity, our good news. In a very real sense it is the heart of our gospel. The Father worketh hitherto, and we work.

MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM

THE appropriateness of this term for that group of painful muscular troubles which includes lumbago, stiff shoulder, and the like, is disputed; but there is no better name to be had for the present, so it is well to let it stand. Everyone at least knows what is meant by it, and that is more than can be said of all medical terms. Remember, however, that it is a very different malady from acute rheumatism, which is an infectious, or germ, disease, or from chronic rheumatism, which occurs on the downhill side of life, while muscular rheumatism is more common in early life—before forty.

An attack of muscular rheumatism often occurs after exposure to cold or damp. A cold draught blowing on the back of the neck may give rise to an attack of stiff neck, especially in children. The more usual forms which muscular rheumatism takes in the adult are lumbago and stiff shoulder, the deltoid muscle which forms the shoulder cap being the one affected in the latter. Other muscles prone to rheumatic attacks are those of the chest. This condition, called pleurodynia, is exceedingly distressing, for every drawing of the breath causes great pain; it is often mistaken, on superficial examination, for pleurisy or pneumonia, as the breathing is both shallow and painful.

Confirmed sufferers from muscular rheumatism are often good barometers; a lowering of barometric pressure and the approach of rain are likely to be foretold by twinges and aching of the affected muscles. These people should avoid exposure, so far as they can, to cold, damp winds and to sudden downward changes in temperature. Hard physical work may also excite an attack, since the muscles are already vulnerable, and any overstrain will attract the poison, whatever it is, to them. This poison may be formed in the system by root abscesses of the teeth or pyorrhea, by chronically inflamed tonsils, "sinus" trouble, intestinal autointoxication, or the fatigue poisons elaborated in the muscles themselves by

overexercise. They are sometimes taken in from without, as in lead poisoning; or they may come from overacidity resulting from indulgence in wrong foods.

Whatever the treatment, it is well started with a dose of castor oil and a half-teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda every three hours for four doses. The diet should consist of non-acid-forming foods, and should include an abundance of water.

BEAUTY WELL PRESERVED

IT was long a reproach against our countrywomen that, while America was admittedly a land of pretty girls, their beauty did not wear well; too often it vanished with their youth. But the famous Spanish artist, Zuloaga, has noted that nowadays things are different. He praises the beauty of American women, not merely of American girls, declaring indeed, with gratifying emphasis, that it is "of a kind which increases with age."

England, not the United States, has been long the country of beauty well-preserved, and the beautiful grandmothers of England—vigorous and charming women of ageless beauty, not silver-haired old ladies in capes—were long the marvel not only of traveling Americans but of the continental nations of Europe. Edward Lear, the author of "The Owl and the Pussy Cat," "The Jumblies" and much other famous and delightful nonsense, has told how, while he was staying in Malta, he was invited to a dinner party at which were present, besides British officers from the garrison, several naval officers from foreign ships lying in the harbor.

"Sitting next to the captain of an Austrian frigate," he recorded, "the German officer said to a subaltern,—the conversation was about the good looks of women,—'I do think the English woman conserve her aperiënt galship longer than all the women; yes, even as far as her antics!'"

"The poor subaltern withered with confusion till I ventured to interpret: 'The Englishwoman preserves her appearance of youth longer than all women, even if she be old.'"

No wonder the subaltern was puzzled; not everyone would have guessed as quickly as Lear did that "galship" meant girlhood and "antics" neither sportive agility nor unseemly gambols, but simply antiquity or age.

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER

ONE thing they have learned in cold Alaska is to make no attempt to clean a silk or woolen garment in gasoline in the winter time.

Writing in Scribner's Magazine, Mary Lee Davis, the wife of an engineer, says that two women of her acquaintance were burned to death in so doing.

"Just the friction," she says, "of lifting the material from the gasoline bath produces such sparks in the electrified air that an explosion almost invariably occurs."

Although there isn't quite so much electricity in the air in this section of the country, there are few indoor sports more dangerous than washing articles in gasoline.

If you must wash things in gasoline, do it outdoors.

THE BEST MOTION PICTURES

There are all sorts of motion pictures, and it is by no means easy to get trustworthy information about which ones are clean and entertaining; not merely "unobjectionable," but worth seeing. The Youth's Companion gives its readers this list, revised every week, of the pictures that it thinks good enough to recommend. We shall be glad to have our readers tell us whether they find the list valuable, and the pictures well chosen.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION BLUE-RIBBON LIST

The Return of Peter Grimm—William Fox
A bungling benefactor is permitted to return from the grave to rectify his mistake of judgment. Alec Francis

The Winning of Barbara Worth—United Artists
Harold Bell Wright's romance of the irrigated lands of the West, admirably produced. Vilma Banky. Ronald Colman

Alaskan Adventures—Pathé
A genuine record of game hunting and of wonderful scenery in Alaska. By Capt. Jack Robertson and Art Young, the bow-and-arrow expert

Forlorn River—Paramount
Zane Grey's romance of a repentant cattle rustler. Jack Holt

Rose of the Tenements—F. B. O.
A foster-sister's patriotism delivers a misguided youth from anti-American propaganda. Shirley Mason. John Harron

Bardelys the Magnificent—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
An eighteenth century romance in which a dashing cavalier risks his head to win his lady. John Gilbert. Eleanor Boardman

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59th Weekly \$5 Award



A SHORT time ago we presented to the Lab Membership an excellent project, winner of a \$5.00 Weekly Award, by Member C. V. Smith, Jr.—a combination lathe and jig saw made out of a discarded sewing machine. It is interesting to note the spread of this idea. Quite independently of Member Smith, we now have another excellent contribution from Member Maurice E. Long (14) of Goshen, Ind. He has preserved less of the original sewing machine than Member Smith, but has none the less constructed an excellent wood-turning lathe. The above photograph shows Member Long with his apparatus.

"The total cost was \$1.13," Member Long informs us, "although I already had the sewing machine which I used as the base of the lathe. The spindle was turned down to size by a mechanic, but otherwise I made it complete. The spindle runs in Babbitt bearings. The lathe is 30 in. long. It serves very well for light wood-turning. The rest is movable both lengthwise and forward and back. The tail stock is a large lag screw ground down at the point. I have made several tool handles with it and it works nicely except when I don't use it right."

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EVERY week, almost three hundred boys decide that the Y. C. Lab coupon printed below is their coupon. At least, they take the shears to it, and a pen and, once their names are written on it, it ceases to be a mere piece of paper and becomes instead a ticket to a new land of opportunity for boys. Scientific and financial benefits wait just round the corner for the boy who thus enrolls his name with the Y. C. Lab, and the stream of response for boys who decide that now is the time to find out about this unique Society has not slackened once in the last year. We have printed the coupon fifty times now and every one of the fifty has come back to us many times over. Is this one yours?

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To receive full information about membership in the Y. C. Lab, clip this coupon, fill it out, and mail it to

The Director, Y. C. Lab
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

I am a boy years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work. Send me an Election Blank on which I may submit my name for election to the Y. C. Lab.

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Questions & Answers

Extract from the By-laws of the Y. C. Lab: "Any Member, Associate Member or Applicant who has filed his first project has the privilege of calling for any technical information he desires from the Director, who will designate the Councilor to reply, without cost or obligation to the Member. All Councilors must respond promptly to any request by Members."

Q.—Can you give me information as to where I may obtain a wood-carver's knife for shaping the hull of a model? I have a catalogue of these knives but do not know which style would be most suited for this purpose. Would a rudder of brass be recommended on a model of Flying Cloud? Member Wm. Kerr, Lee, Mass.

A.—by Councilor Magoun: For shaping the hull of a model I recommend to you the following tools, which are what we use in the model-cutting laboratory at Technology, where many models are made each year, varying from the Mayflower to an ocean liner. I'm sure you will find that they give better results than a wood-carver's knife. These tools, of which the prices are only approximate, will give satisfaction. I am sure: 9 in. spoke shave, No. 63, \$4.00; non-adjustable 3½ in. block plane No. 101, \$5.00; hammer, \$1.50; screwdriver, \$.25; hand drill, \$1.75; crosscut saw (medium fine 18 in. twelve point), \$1.75; jackknife, \$.50. (For further details—)

(Continued on next page)



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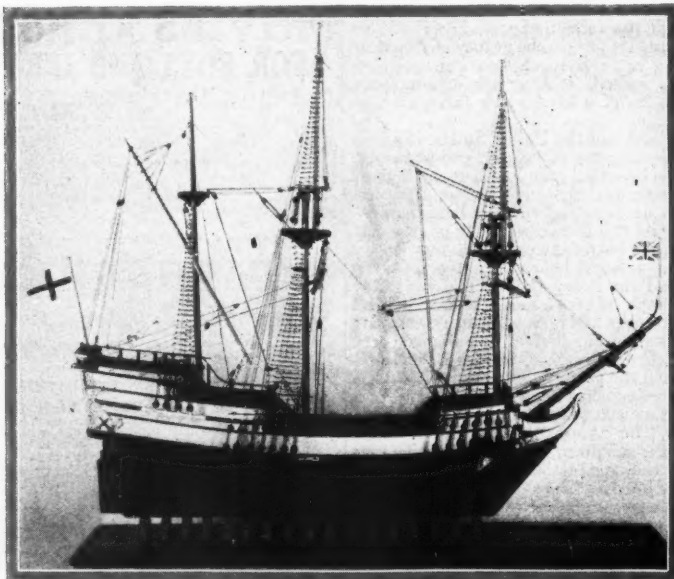
The Mysteries of The Mayflower

By PROF. JAMES R. JACK

Head of the Department of Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering, Massachusetts Institute of Technology



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The exquisite model of a ship of the "Mayflower type" is Professor Jack's own work, in the completion of which he spent almost every spare moment over a course of about two years. At the present time, Professor Jack has been working for some months on a model of the Santa Maria.

DIRECTOR'S NOTE: No one can speak with higher authority upon nautical affairs than the author of this article. Professor Jack has spent his life with ships, and one of his particular hobbies has been a study of the many peculiar mysteries which surround our knowledge of the ship which brought the Pilgrims to America in 1620. This article embodies the results of a long and thoughtful interest in this historic ship, and the many Y. C. Lab Members who are keenly interested in it and in allied nautical affairs will find in it not only authoritative utterance but a fascinating story. Professor Jack's department is, of course, already well known to Lab Members through the activities of Instructor F. Alexander Magoun, who, as Councilor in the Y. C. Lab, has contributed a number of articles and answered untold questions. It is all the more pleasurable, therefore, to be able, through the following account, to introduce Professor Jack himself to all members of the Society.

RELIABLE information about the actual vessel which brought the Pilgrim Fathers to America is almost entirely wanting. The most explicit statement is that of Bradford, who says, "She was a vessel of about nine score tons." And on this meager information many interested persons have endeavored to reconstruct, if not the actual vessel, at least one of her type.

The tonnage of ships has been measured in various ways at different times, and the earliest British rule only dates back to 1694, although it is probable that it was based on the general practice which had existed for many years previously. By this rule the tonnage was found by multiplying the length of the straight part of the keel by the maximum breadth inside the planking by the depth of hold and dividing the product by 94.

The Mayflower's Rig

On this rule the Mayflower would have a length of keel about 72 ft., a molded breadth of 23½ ft., and a depth of hold of 10 ft. Her length from the tip of the stern to the "knight head," which is the foremost part of the curve of the body, would be about 90 ft.

The ships of those days had very full lines in the fore body, although they were usually somewhat finer at the stern. Above the main deck there would be a short forecastle and a quarter deck extending from a little abaft midships to the stern and above that a poop deck covering rather less than one-half the length of the quarter deck. These erections would generally be open at the ends, and a little deck house would be built underneath them; but with the crowded condition of the Mayflower it is probable that the ends of these houses were boarded up to provide shelter for the passengers and crew.

The rig of a vessel of this type would pretty certainly be that of a three-masted "ship" with a bowsprit. At this period the

bowsprit had very considerable rake, as it was the lineal descendant of the early foremast which had raked forward, and by continually increasing this rake it became the bowsprit. On the under side of the bowsprit there was a yard from which was suspended a "sprit sail" or "water sail," which was necessary in all those early ships owing to their full bows making them very "weatherly" in a strong breeze; that is to say, the big wave which the lee bow pushed up tended to make the ship turn towards the direction from which the wind was blowing, and the wind pressure on the sprit sail was necessary to counteract this. The sprit sail yard could travel along the bowsprit, and so it was impossible to fit a bobstay. Indeed there seems to be no reliable record of a bobstay until after the year 1670. The lack of this means of preventing the bowsprit from being pulled up by the tension of the head stays, necessitated the use of a very heavy spar.

The Anchors

There were, however, no triangular head sails or jibs in those days. The fore mast would be stepped well forward in the forecastle. Indeed in Elizabethan times it was stepped in front of the forecastle, but by the Mayflower period it had been moved somewhat farther back. The top mast would be a separate spar, capable of being lowered to the deck, as this rig was introduced in Sir Walter Raleigh's time, and was found to be a great advance over the old pole mast. The main mast would be similar to the fore mast but somewhat taller, while the mizen would be a pole mast. On the fore and main masts there would be a cross yard carrying a square sail and this yard could be raised and lowered by means of a tackle called "jeers," and a lighter yard with a similar sail would be fitted on the top mast. We have evidence of this point as the log of the

Mayflower records that a passenger, John Howland, who had fallen overboard, was able to grasp the topsail halliards which were dangling over the side, and so he was safely hauled aboard. While this was very fortunate for John Howland, it suggests somewhat careless seamanship, as unsecured ropes ends are considered bad form on a ship and are known in sea slang as "Irish pen-nants."

On the mizen mast there would be a lateen sail, a relic of the old Mediterranean ships which was retained for many years. Gradually the fore part of the sail was omitted although the lateen yard continued to be used until some inventive genius discovered that this piece could be cut off and so arrived at the modern gaff. The rigging which was of hemp was tightened up by laniards passing through deadeyes, those for the lower rigging being carried outside of the hull in broad "channels", the top mast rigging was not secured to the truss hoop as was the custom in the later clipper ships, but was attached directly to the lower rigging which it tended to pull outwards. This tendency was checked by a lashing which crossed from the lower rigging of one side to the lower rigging on the other which formed a convenient means of taking up the slack which occurred in the rigging after a spell of dry weather and of letting it out again when the cordage became wet, and consequently shorter.

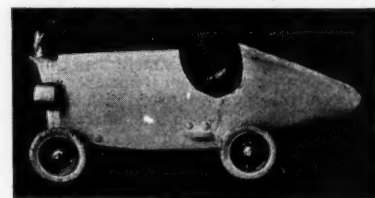
The anchors, which were of forged iron with oak stocks, were carried on the fore channels, and the hawsers were taken in-board through holes in the hull and were stored in a locker before the forecabin. In hoisting the anchor from the ground the end of the hawser was let out through the door way in the after end of the forecabin to a capstan on the main deck, where it could be hauled in by men walking around and pushing on the capstan bars.

(Continued on next page)

Proceedings

Extract from the By-laws of the Y. C. Lab: "There shall be published regularly in The Youth's Companion the current proceedings of the Y. C. Experimental Lab at Wollaston, Mass."

DEC 1: Building another Cinderella—this time one about 12 in. long. We take the front wheels and back wheels with the axles and spring motor ready-made and build the little car on them. These sets of wheels are sold by the Kingsbury Mfg. Co. of Keene, N. H., in this form so that young builders can make their own miniature automobiles. It's lots of fun finishing these small bodies with Duco. Now that we have seen this little racer tear around the Lab floor we are crazy to build a wooden track for it to perform on. Anybody looking in on us would think we were about seven years old.



DEC. 2: Making the new fad—woven belts. We used white and brown leather, supplied by the Graton & Knight Co. Leather work is interesting and not so well known as some of the other arts. We are also doing some brass-studded things in leather, such as cowboy belts.

DEC. 3: Made six Sailor Cheerio Birds. They still have their sea legs and apparently have just come ashore from a long, rough cruise.

DEC. 4: Finished a white and brown belt, and, as we had no buckle, we cut one out of brass, using an old curtain hook for the part that goes through the hole. It's pretty enough but awfully big. Wondered all the morning what made it look so familiar and finally decided it was the same kind and size that Santa Claus wears. Treated Cinderella (big Cinderella) to some new Duco where a truck knocked away some paint.

DEC. 6: Making small casts in solder. Today we finished two plaster molds, one of a fly-wheel and the other of a safety valve. These are in two halves. Quite a fussy job of fitting and trimming the rough spots. Began the building of a small loom, 12 by 14 in. Little Cinderella is coming along, too. This is heaps of fun for the boy who likes to build toys for himself.

DEC 7: After drying the small molds over night we put the halves together and cast the solder. One was pretty good, but the other wouldn't hold the molten metal. Had to make a new mold. The toy automobile is all done except putting on a small steering wheel. Member O'Connell finished the loom. Now we are going to make him weave something on it.

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THE Y. C. LAB—Continued

Gay Colors

The steering gear consisted of a tiller, attached to the rudder head and extending forward, probably just below the quarter deck, to a position near the front of the poop. Here it would be attached to a vertical lever, pivoted so that it would swing across the ship and known as the "whip staff." The steersman would stand on a raised platform just inside the poop, and work the whip staff from side to side as necessary to steer the vessel, his head being up inside a small skylight, enabling him to look forward and take his instructions from the officer on watch whose place would be on the quarter deck immediately before him.

As the Mayflower was an English ship, she would fly the standard of England, which was white with a red St. George's cross, and she would also carry the original form of the Union Jack, which had been invented after the Union with Scotland to prevent the Scotch and English ships from fighting one another as had been their amiable habit before the union. This flag combined the red cross of St. George, having a white border, with the blue Scotch flag bearing the white cross of St. Andrew. The intention of the flag which was carried by the ships of both nations, was to impress upon them that they were no longer to treat each other as enemies.

The colors which were used in painting the vessel are entirely conjectural, but it was the practice to paint and decorate the ships lavishly, both carving and gilding being much employed. From an artistic point of view these old craft are exceedingly picturesque but their sea-going qualities were very indifferent and while we can not give much praise to the persons who designed them, we must admire wholeheartedly the men who handled them and brought them safely through the perils of the deep.

As to the subsequent fate of the Mayflower it is believed that her timbers were used in the construction of a barn near Beaconsfield in Buckinghamshire, England. This barn undoubtedly exists and is constructed from the timber of an old ship. The people in the locality have no doubt whatever that it is the remains of the Mayflower and as Thomas Jones, her captain, belonged to that place there is every probability that their claim is correct.

THE SECRETARY'S NOTES

WE cannot overemphasize the desirability of submitting photographs—and good photographs—with all Lab projects, whether they are election projects or are to be considered for a Weekly or Special Award. Photographs are not, of course, absolutely essential. Many Members are elected without them, and occasionally a Member wins an award without them, but in both cases they help tremendously and the chance of success for a boy who submits a good project is almost 100 per cent greater when he sends a photograph along than when he relies merely on description and sketch.

From the articles printed in the Lab page on June 10, August 19 and September 16, plus the information which can be had from any camera dealer (all the camera manufacturers publish booklets of instruction), anyone with even the most inexpensive camera can take pictures sufficiently good for the purpose.

To speak non-technically, there are two main objections to a great many photographs that come in: they are either out of focus or they are taken against such a bad background that the detail is not distinguishable.

The first difficulty is easily remedied. A portrait attachment costs only about fifty cents and enables you to get as close as within three or four feet of the object you are photographing, without blurring its outlines. This is something you cannot possibly do otherwise unless you have a more expensive camera than that which the average boy possesses. The second trouble is likewise not difficult of solution if you will use a little ingenuity. A cloth or some other unobtrusive background placed behind the object you are photographing will serve to throw its details into stronger contrast.

Now and then Members send us photographs of their machines photographed against a background of lattice work, leaves of trees, large piles of lumber, or the like, which render the result so poor that it is hard to distinguish the background from the machine. Observe these two precautions. Give your exposure enough time, and you will be surprised at the difference which will be discerned, not only in the quality of photographs you take but in the greater rewards which come to you from the Lab.

Questions & Answers

(Continued from page 34)

tails of these tools, write to the Stanley Works, New Britain, Conn.)

For the finishing of the model you will need a curved scraper. I heartily recommend buying a tool for cutting glass (Woolworth's) and with it making a curved scraper from scrap glass. The glass is better than the steel scrapers, and you can make as many as you like at practically no cost. Wood is better than brass for your model, just because the original Flying Cloud was built of wood. Besides, it is so much easier to make.

Q.—Are there any airplanes in operation now which have a third wheel instead of the regular landing skid in the rear? What is the difference between a seaplane and a hydroplane? Member Lucius F. Clark, Lamoille, Minn.

A.—by Councilor Magoun: As far as I am aware, there are no airplanes with a wheel where the tail skid should be. You see, when a plane makes contact with the ground the pilot usually wants to stop as quickly as possible, and the skid acts as a brake, tearing up the ground, etc. If brake bands were applied to the wheels forward, the tail of the fuselage would somersault right up over the engine. The brake must be at the rear. When the pilot "takes off" from the ground he manipulates his controls so that the tail rises and the fuselage is horizontal before taking off. In this way the skid is off the ground. A seaplane is the nautical equivalent of an airplane. The difference is in the landing gear. A hydroplane is a fast, flat-bottomed boat which slides over the top of the water.

Q.—I would like to build an airplane. Could I use a Ford engine? And I would like to know where I could get a plan that would tell what kind of wood to build each part of. Associate Member Clair Hemphill, Route 2, Elwood, Ill.

A.—by Councilor Magoun: Certainly you could use a Ford engine. As a matter of fact, a company was formed after the war with the idea of manufacturing planes commercially which were to be driven by a Ford engine. The planes flew all right, until another type of motor was tried! Practically all the wood used in an airplane is spruce, which combines strength and lightness. My suggestion would be that you start out with a glider first and then build your plane afterward. You can get complete plans and descriptions of how to build a successful glider in Aviation for June 22 and 29, 1925. Address the Gardner Publishing Company, Inc., of 225 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.

Q.—How much is a set of the main tools: Plane, saw, spoke shave, hammer, chisel, gouge? Associate Member George Knobb, 29 Sutton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A.—by Governor Shumway: Your inquiry is a bit difficult in answering, because there are so many kinds of tools. You can buy these separately, or they come in sets. The Stanley Hardware Co. put out various attractive sets running from \$10 or \$15 up to \$50 and over, according to the size and number of tools. Planes can be bought for around \$5, spoke shaves for \$2, hammers \$1 to \$1.50, chisels around \$2, and gouges about the same. You might write the Stanley Works, New Britain, Conn., and they would be glad to send you information regarding their tool sets.

Q.—My next project is to be a little model racer about 15 ins. long. I am writing to ask if you cannot suggest some means of navigation? Member Lucius F. Clark, Lamoille, Minn.

A.—by Councilor Magoun: You did not tell me what kind of a model you were going to build, but perhaps it wouldn't be far wrong to assume that it is to be a motor boat. Rubber bands twisted up would be quite satisfactory for a short run, but let's discard that solution. Here's an idea to challenge your ingenuity! Get an old Big Ben or something of the sort and from its mysterious interior devise a gear train which will turn your propeller when driven by a spring. Of course a steam engine and boiler would be a nice installation, but it would take endless time to build unless you bought the parts already made, and that's expensive.

Q.—What is meant by paralyzed tubes? Associate Member Myron Bookwalter, Fairhaven, O.

A.—by Councilor Ranlett: Most present day receiving tubes have a certain amount of thorium in the coating on the tungsten wire that makes up the filaments. If the tube is operated with an excess voltage, or if the "B" battery voltage is flashed on to the filament momentarily, or if the tube is used for quite a while in a circuit without the proper negative grid bias on the tube, the filament may lose so much thorium, which is the substance that throws off the electrons that make the tube operate, that it will not reproduce signals with the proper intensity. It is then said to be "paralyzed." It will light, but it will not work.

If the damage is not too great, paralyzed tubes may be restored to activity. The cure consists of disconnecting the "B" battery, lighting the filaments to a brighter point than usual and letting them burn thus for half an hour or so. This will bring the thorium in the interior of the wire to the surface and restore the sensitivity of the filament.

SCHOOLS

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WINNERS OF THEIR PINS AND THE \$5.00 PRIZE FOR BEING THE FIRST BRANCH CLUB OF G. Y. C. ACTIVE MEMBERS IN VERMONT



Windsor, Vermont

Dear Hazel Grey: Eight of the girls of Windsor had a meeting of the G. Y. C. to organize at my house last Tuesday evening. Only four of these could come for a picture. They are, left to right: Pauline Bartley (13), Dorothy Morse (17), holding our mascot "Trixie," Emma Newton (16), and Lucia Charlton (12).

The first thing on the program of our organization meeting was reading the letter which I had received from you. We then elected our officers: Emma Newton, President; Doris Ferguson, Secretary. We are going to have our meetings the second and the fourth Saturday afternoons in every month. Our club colors are blue and gold, and our club mascot, "Trixie."

We have had a Mother Goose party. The invitations were sent out as follows:

You are invited to a party
On Tuesday evening next.
'Twill be a Mother Goose Party,
With Jack Horner and the rest;
Don't forget to bring a reminder
Of some little verse or rhyme;
'Twill be at seven-thirty,
And be sure to be on time!
Place: Emma Newton's house.

The reminders were very clever: a kitty, representing "Three Little Kittens"; a stick, some water and a penny, representing the story about the old woman and the pig that wouldn't go over the stile; walking crooked, the crooked man; a pincushion with pins and needles in it, the rhyme of "Needles and pins"; Bo Peep with her crook; Mother Hubbard had her "dog"; a plate and some music, little Tommy Tucker; and

Please Print Clearly and in Pencil

This is the Keystone Blank
Return to Hazel Grey,

The G. Y. C., 8 Arlington Street, Boston

Dear Hazel:

I should like to know (you may check one or both):

... How to become first a Corresponding Member, then an Active Member and finally a Contributing Member of the G. Y. C. by myself and how to win the pin and all the advantages of a member of the G. Y. C.

OR

... How to form a Branch Club of the G. Y. C. with several of my best friends and to win the pin and all the advantages of Corresponding, Active and Contributing Members for us all.

(Please Print Clearly in Pencil)

My name is.....

I am..... years old.

Address.....

The G. Y. C.

"THE GIRLS OF THE YOUTH'S COMPANION" JOIN NOW!

Our New House Progresses

BIT by bit the Workbox progresses in its new house. It is a fascinating progress indeed, for we are doing every single bit of our new furnishing ourselves—just as you can if you wish to try out any or all of our adventures in "interior decorating" in your own house, or even just your own province—your room. This week we have progressed into the pantry from the kitchen, you see, but we shall take you back to the kitchen again to tell you, before we leave it behind for the time being, about a table and a chair that we are doing now. Then will come the first details about the other rooms in our new house. We wish Emma Newton's club, our first Branch Club of Active G. Y. C. Members in Vermont, the best of luck in getting a little house too. It isn't every Branch Club that can hope to have a real home of its own, of course, but we hope that that doesn't mean that you aren't all going to have just as much fun at your meetings or be able to profit by our enterprises from week to week. And the Workbox Members extend a special and cordial invitation to all of you to come and see them if you possibly can—remember they meet on every afternoon except Wednesday, and they are there on Saturday morning, too.

Hazel Grey

8 Arlington Street

Boston, Massachusetts

a bowl, the "Three Wise Men of Gotham." These were baffling and exciting to guess.

Then we played Jacob and Rachel, using Jack Sprat. Another game was stagecoach, using "Mother Goose" instead of "stagecoach" and giving each one a Mother Goose character.

An interesting contest was the hunt for the bones for Mother Hubbard's dog, which were made of paper and hidden around the room. The prize for the one getting the most was a vanity case.

A Jack Horner pie was passed, with strings hanging from it, which when pulled revealed "plums" (really different-colored packages of fruit drops). There were two of each color and the two who got the same colors were partners for refreshments.

Refreshments were lemonade and tarts, made by the Queen of Hearts, my mother!

We have asked to rent a little house, which would be an adorable place for a club room, but we do not know whether we can rent it or not. If we can we will furnish it, making curtains, papering and painting, and doing anything else which it needs.

We expect and hope to have many more Members before long, because we feel it is a fine club to belong to.

Hoping this will reach you the first of any Branch Club in Vermont, and that we will all receive our Keystone pins soon, I am

Your friend,
EMMA NEWTON (16)

P. S. Here are our G. Y. C. song and cheer. The song is to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia."

Song:

What's the greatest club for girls
That we can ever find?
What's the one develops most
Our body, brain, and mind?
Can we find another one
So worthy of its kind?
Girls of The Youth's Companion!

Chorus:

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah for the G. Y. C.
Hurrah! Hurrah for the girls so full of glee,
Representing our club with secret letters
three,
Girls of The Youth's Companion!

Cheer:

G. Y. C.! G. Y. C.!
What do we mean by the G. Y. C.?
One, two, three!
Who can guess?
Girls of The Youth's Companion!
Yes! Yes! Yes!

THIS ENTERPRISE FROM FLORIDA WINS A PUBLICATION PRIZE, AS WELL AS ACTIVE MEMBERSHIP AND THE KEYSTONE PIN

Madison, Florida

Dear Hazel Grey: I am inclosing my snap shot and an account of an enterprise, and this is a list of enterprises I am interested in trying out:

1. How to make the little things that are a joy to give, or to receive, or to keep
2. Dramatics
3. Ways to make money
4. Ways to give original, lively parties

I hope these and my enterprise will satisfy the requirements to become an Active Member of the G. Y. C.

Sincerely yours,
CLEMENTINE NEWMAN (15)



How I Beautified My Room

FOR a long time I had begged my mother to let me have a room of my own. Finally she consented, and I started out to make it the prettiest room in town.

I had only old furniture to use, but I wanted to make it as attractive as possible. I decided to paint it all gray. I had a bed, an old bureau, a small table and two chairs. I sandpapered each piece thoroughly and then applied the first coat of paint. And what a sad sight it was, with the old color showing through the new! I was very much discouraged, but felt better after I had put on the second coat.

I decided to use the table as a desk, since it contained a small drawer. Then I took the bureau and removed the mirror from its frame so that I could hang it above the drawers. I replaced the brass handles with small glass knobs and glued an art color medallion on the center of each drawer. A carpenter made a hanging bookcase from part of the mirror frame and three old boards. This I also painted gray and hung above the table by screw eyes.

I painted the woodwork in gray a shade lighter than the furniture. Mother employed a paper hanger to put up a mottled gray, rose and blue paper, and silver sidelights for my dresser were put in. We ordered two rag rugs with rose and blue as the predominating colors. The window curtains were of ruffled white marquisette, and the over draperies were flowered cretonne valances with plain rose side draperies having a band of cretonne at the bottom. There was a



A New Year's party for the birds. When you finish with your Christmas tree, you might tie the nest and bread on it, as did Lucille and Helen and Carola

tiny space, not large enough to be called a closet, for my clothes. We put a rose curtain bordered with the cretonne in front of this, as we did before the door into the sewing-room.

I had always wanted a desk set, but, since I couldn't afford one, I set out to make it. I bought a large sheet of rose blotting paper which I cut to the size of my little table desk. This I pasted on cardboard, fixing the corners with scraps of the cretonne used on the window draperies. I cut a small box to the right size, covered it with cretonne, and had a letter rack. I covered the back of an old penwiper with cretonne and made a small blotter from a scrap of the blotting paper. I had a small glass inkwell which was very pretty, so I didn't need to buy another. The whole cost of my desk set was five cents for the blotting paper!

When everything was finished and put into place, I stood and surveyed my room. And how pretty it was! And now—I think I have the prettiest room in town!

G. Y. C. Workbox Enterprise No. 17

Covering the Pantry Shelves to Make Them Fresh-looking and Attractive



THE marmalade is finished—but Carola and Helen and Lucille decided that it could not be arranged on the new pantry shelves until they had been properly covered! When white oilcloth was purchased to satisfy this need, it still seemed to lack something to make it a more attractive addition to the new house. So the Workbox chose a stencil pattern of a windmill, traced it on the oilcloth with waterproof ink, and then painted over this with brushing lacquer of delft blue.

When they came to do the oilcloth covers for the smaller shelves, however, they found that their stencil design was too large and therefore out of proportion. Lucille's older sister, Martha Cook, the only Member of our Workbox versed deeply in the mysteries of art and drawing, came to the rescue with her skill and made a smaller pattern, to

(Continued on page 37)

Last Call for G. Y. C. Contest Photographs!

ARE your snapshots all in for the G. Y. C. photograph contest? Remember—the contest is all over on January 17. You may choose any subject that you think would make a good Youth's Companion cover. Each contestant is limited to six entries. You must choose your subjects and snap them yourself, but you are not required to do any developing, and your pictures may be taken

on any size of camera. Just as in the Fashion Fête, Senior Division includes those of you who are from 16 to 21, and Junior, from 10 to 15, to insure fair competition.

This is the best chance yet to add to your bank account, and it will mean a long step upward toward your Contributing Membership, too, if you win a prize. It may even help to bring you one of the Treasure Chests.



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Price in Clubs	Reg. Price	Club Price with Y. C.	Y. C.
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2.50 American Magazine	4.50	4.50	
.25 American Needlewoman	2.25	2.15	
.50 Better Homes & Gardens	2.60	2.30	
1.75 Boy's Life	4.00	3.75	
2.50 Child Life	5.00	4.25	
1.75 Christian Herald	4.00	3.25	
1.75 Collier's Weekly	4.00	3.75	
1.00 Country Gentleman (3 years)	3.00	3.00	
2.50 Delineator	5.00	4.50	
1.75 Etude Music Magazine	4.00	3.50	
3.00 Good Housekeeping	5.00	5.00	
3.50 Harper's Magazine	6.00	5.50	
2.00 Junior Home Magazine	4.50	3.75	
1.00 Ladies Home Journal	3.00	3.00	
1.00 McCall's Magazine	3.00	2.50	

Price in Clubs	Reg. Price	Club Price with Y. C.	Y. C.
\$2.75 McClure's Magazine	\$5.00	\$4.75	
3.50 Mentor	6.00	5.50	
1.75 Modern Priscilla	4.00	3.25	
1.35 Open Road	3.50	3.35	
.85 Pathfinder	3.00	2.60	
.45 People's Home Journal	2.50	2.25	
2.50 Popular Science	4.50	4.50	
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2.00 Radio News	4.50	4.00	
2.25 Red Book	5.00	4.25	
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Magazine Club Department THE YOUTH'S COMPANION Boston, Mass.

The G. Y. C.

(Continued from page 36)

scale. This was used on the smaller shelves with great artistic effect and success!

In finally cutting the oilcloth the girls allowed 5 inches for the overdrop, and the pattern of the windmill should come in the center of each shelf covering.

When the shelves were quite finished, the result was a sweet and clean pantry—one to be proud of and a worthy addition to the G. Y. C. model house!

G. Y. C. Enterprise No. 18

Dish Towels for the Fastidious

OF course it was

very necessary to have dish towels in the new kitchen, and white linen toweling seemed to be the very best thing. Six yards of this was bought and threads drawn across the linen at yard intervals to cut the edges true. One-yard pieces were cut off and a hem turned one half inch.

To make the towels distinctive and in harmony with the kitchen scheme of decoration and blue and white coloring, Helen traced the stencil outline, that we had used on the pantry shelf oilcloth, on the towels with a soft pencil. Then she went over this with outline stitch in blue floss the shade of the delft blue on the shelves.



Fashions for the Young Girl

A Winter-sports Outfit

Heyle studio



Costume from Filene's

NOTHING could be more sensible and practical—and good-looking—than this knicker suit, sweater and woolen scarf and cap set that Betty wears for skating, snowshoeing and skiing. The suit is brown tweed, and the knitted cuffs and waist band of the warm little jacket help to insure against the wind and cold getting inside. The sweater is wool, of course, and the scarf and cap of camel-hair coloring are brushed wool; and nothing could be more comfortable if one should happen to take a tumble into a snowdrift! Here are the prices of things in case you should want to order any like them for your winter sports: The suit, in brown or oxford, is \$8.75; the cap and scarf, \$3.50; and the sweater, which comes in all colors, \$5.00. I shall be glad to shop for you if you send me your exact size and inclose a check or money order.

HAZEL GREY.

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MEDITERRANEAN

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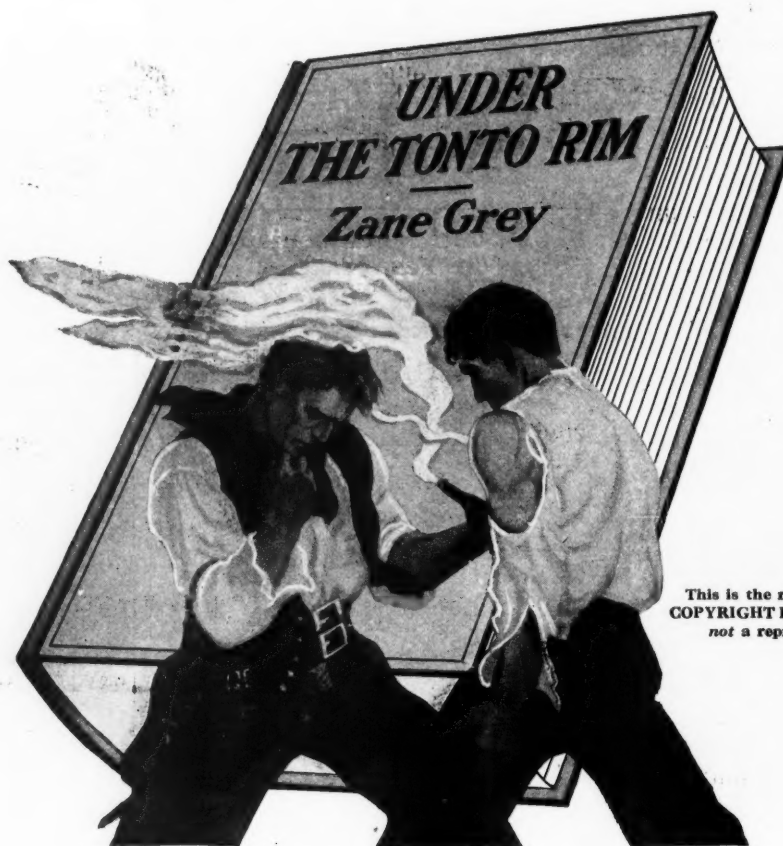
to be given to Companion readers
in return for a slight service

It all happens deep in the wilderness under the colorful rim of the great Tonto — where stage coaches still rumble along rocky roads, and nature still rules in her proud, wild beauty.

Hither Zane Grey's new heroine rides, friendless but with courage high, on her great adventure. Intent upon living among the settlers and devoting her life to bettering their conditions, she comes to play a colorful rôle in the taming of the fascinating back woods community; and in one of its most stalwart sons finds a love as hardy as the rock of the Tonto itself.

Here is as fine a novel as Zane Grey has ever written — a story strong with the adventure of pioneer life and poignant with the poetry of the wilderness.

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8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen: I am sending you on the attached sheet the name and address of a new subscriber for The Youth's Companion. As my reward for so doing please send me a copy of Zane Grey's new book *UNDER THE TONTO RIM*. I am enclosing \$2.00 for the new subscription and 25 cents extra for the book.

Send Book to

Address



THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

A Youth's Companion Family in 1827



FLAT on the floor under one of the windows, where the winter sun fell warm on his back, lay a small boy, his eyes bent upon a paper that he had spread out before him. In a big, comfortable chair by the fireplace sat an old man with a book in his hands. The room was very still—not a sound could be heard except the slow ticking of the tall clock in the corner and the rustle of the boy's paper. But by-and-by the old man laid his book down and said, "What are you reading, Arthur?"

"My paper, grandpa."

"Ah! So it's *your* paper, now, is it?"

"Yes, sir. Look!" and he held up the wrapper which he had slipped off, so that his grandfather could read the name on it.

The old gentleman looked, then smiled and said, "I see. 'Arthur Lane 4th'? Yes, it is surely yours." Then, after a little, he said, as if to himself, "A long time! A long time!"

"What is a long time, grandpa?"

"The time that has passed since the name 'Arthur Lane' was placed for the first time on the wrapper of that paper. The name wasn't even printed then, but was written by hand, and I think with a quill pen."

"You would find it very strange and perhaps rather hard if you had to live as people lived then. My father, your great-grandfather, who was the first Arthur Lane, built this house when he was married, in 1820. It was a very fine house for those days, but it had no furnace, no kit-



Illustrated by May Aiken

David had picked up a little stick and was tickling Peter's ear with it

chen range, no gas or electric lights, and no running water. The only heat came from the great fireplace, the only lights were candles and the blazing logs. Everything that was boiled or fried or roasted was cooked over the open fire. Bread and biscuit and beans were baked in the brick oven that was built into the great chimney at one side of the fireplace.

"There were no carpets on the floor, only rugs that were made at home. The only way to travel was to walk, or ride horseback, or in a stage coach, so that it sometimes took a week to go only as far as you could go now in a day, by railway train or motor car. There were no moving pictures, and there was no radio. In the evening boys and girls used to sit around the fire. The girls could knit or work samplers, but unless the boys shelled corn there was not much that they could do, for the worst thing about those times was that there was so little to read. No one had many books, and there were few papers and magazines, and none at all for boys and girls.

Something New

"Then, one day, my father, your great-grandfather, the first Arthur Lane, came and said to his wife, who was your great-grandmother, 'Letty, two men in Boston have started a paper for young people, and I have put my name down for it, so that the children may have something of their own to read.'

"There were then two children in the family, John, my oldest brother, and Phoebe, my oldest sister. Afterwards there came Rose and Jane and David and me. I was the youngest."

"It was a great day in the week when our little paper came. Each one of us would try to be the first to get it; so father, as the fairest way for all of us, used to put the paper away until the evening. Then, when the

supper dishes were cleared away and we were all sitting round the fire, father would take the paper and read it aloud to us.

"I can remember the first evening that mother let me sit up a little while to hear the reading. I was about three years old then, and mother was holding me in her lap. Phoebe had just come in from a neighbor's, and was cold; so she was sitting in front of the fire. Rose was knitting a stocking, and Jane was at work on a sampler. David was standing by father's chair and leaning against him. Our old cat, Peter, was sitting on father's knee.

"The story that night was about a boy who tried to cross a little bay on the ice. He had got halfway across when a large piece of the ice broke away and began to drift out to sea, with the boy on it.

A Terrible Thing

"We were all listening when something terrible happened. At least it seemed terrible to us then, though afterwards we used to laugh at it."

"Father was so busy with his reading that he didn't see what David was doing; but David had picked up a little stick and was tickling Peter's ear with it. I suppose that, without meaning to, he poked the stick into Peter's ear too hard. At any rate, the cat jumped straight up in the air so quickly that it knocked father's glasses off his nose and tossed the paper into the fire. Both mother and John reached for the tongs at the same time, and between them they knocked them down. Before anyone could reach them the paper was burned to ashes."

"That was a sad week for us. We never knew whether the boy was carried out to sea and drowned, or whether he got safe to land again, and we used to talk it over and think up all sorts of ways in which he could

have been saved; but in time we gave it up and forgot about it."

Grandfather's story came to an end; but after a few moments of silence he picked up the paper that had been lying in his lap and read the name again—"Arthur Lane 4th."

Then he said, "My father was the first Arthur Lane, and I am the second; your father is the third and you are the fourth." He winked at Grandmother Lois and said, "I guess, mother, our family must be one of the long lanes that the old proverb speaks about—in which there is no turning."

Little Arthur didn't quite know what he meant, but he felt sure that it must be something pleasant, because his grandmother laughed.

EDWARD W. FRENTZ

THE SWING

By Alice Wetherell

A rope, a board and a shady tree;
Hippity-hippity ho-heigho!
My daddy made a swing for me;
Hippity-hippity ho!

I swing quite low, I swing quite high;
Hippity-hippity ho-heigho!
I swing away up to the sky;
Hippity-hippity ho!

Sometimes my swing's a little boat;
Hippity-hippity ho-heigho!
If I swing low, that makes it float:
Hippity-hippity ho!

But mostly I use might and main;
Hippity-hippity ho-heigho!
To make my swing an aeroplane;
Hippity-hippity ho!



Illustration by Gertrude Sullivan

MANY THINGS

By Frances Avery Faunce



There are many things that I
Should like to have, or like
to try:

I never owned a painted kite;
I never stayed up late at
night;

I never saw a chimpanzee;
I never drank a cup of tea.

But in the garden where I lie
There lives a yellow butterfly,
And while I watch him use his
wings

I do not need the Other
Things.



ACTUAL
VISITS
TO P & G
HOMES
No. 8

How one "Paris frock" from Chicago made three girls happy!

{ A Mother's Story }

IT was no less prized—that rose voile frock we saw in a Michigan town not very long ago—because it had really been brought from Chicago instead of Paris. Happy fourteen-year-old Margaret, its first owner, named it the "Paris frock" the instant she lifted it from its tissue paper, and the "Paris frock" it remains to this day.

"It is a delightful little dress, isn't it?" said Mrs. Taylor,* who was telling us the story. "Margaret wore it for a year. Then it came to Ellen who loved it, too. Next, Joan inherited it—and it is now *her* favorite dress. It is still fresh and pretty, although it has been washed—oh, maybe fifty times."

And when we asked Mrs. Taylor what this precious dress had been washed with, she told us, "P and G The White Naphtha Soap."

"With five girls in the family," she went on to tell us, "we use P and G almost by the case."

"Why P and G, especially?" we asked.

"Well," she said, "when I used to wash most of the girls' things myself, I was grateful because it saved all the hard rubbing which I had had to do with other soaps. It's really marvelous the way

*Not her real name, of course.



P and G takes out dirt, even in hard water. And now my laundress is as enthusiastic about it as I. She's a conscientious soul and takes pride in her work. She likes P and G, not only because it is quick, but because it is safe for colors. She says, too, she gets whiter clothes with it."

"Does she boil her clothes?" we asked.

"Not often—oh, sometimes, perhaps, but boiling isn't really necessary. And her clothes are a joy—fresh and clean and with that nice out-doors smell. P and G is really a wonderful soap."

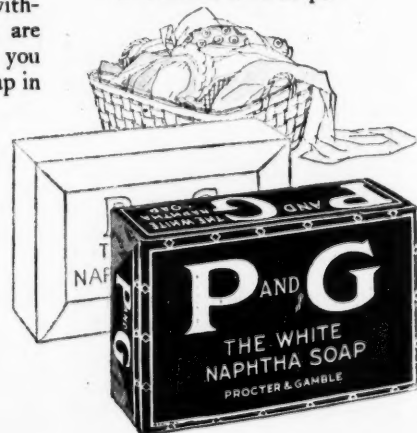
Millions of women have found like Mrs. Taylor, that P and G is a better soap. It works beautifully in any kind of water—hot or cold, hard or soft. White clothes gleam without boiling every week—colored clothes are safely fresh and bright with less rubbing. Do you wonder that P and G is the largest-selling soap in the world? Don't you think it should be helping you, too—with your washing—your dishes—your household cleaning?

PROCTER & GAMBLE

A cold weather hint

Many women have found they can prevent clothes from freezing to the line during cold weather by dipping the clothes-line and the clothes-pins, too, in salt water. This saves considerable wear and tear—especially on dainty garments.

P and G became popular because it was such a fine soap. It is now the largest-selling soap in the world, so you can buy it at a price smaller, ounce for ounce, than that of other soaps.



The largest-selling soap in the world